

# THE ATHENÆUM

AND

LITERARY CHRONICLE.

No. 111.

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1829.

Price 8d.

## POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*An Inquiry into the Natural Grounds of Right to Vendible Property or Wealth.* By Samuel Read. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 398. Edinburgh, 1829.

WITH a laudable desire to adjust 'the conflicting claims and pretensions of labour and capital to the wealth which is produced by the use of the one and the exertion of the other,' Mr. Read steps forward into the arena, armed with a new panoply, offensive and defensive, in case his proffered mediation should be rejected by either party. A professed disciple of Adam Smith, and opposed to Malthus and Ricardo, he thinks that his master has overlooked the most interesting and most important object of political economy, the NATURAL GROUND OF RIGHT TO PROPERTY: though he admits, 'having the cue now given, it will not be difficult to discover that all his disquisitions, and the whole drift and tendency of his arguments point more or less obviously and unequivocally to this object.'

The first book, of 176 pages, is a laboured attempt to demolish what the author tells us, in the introduction, p. 33, is a very dangerous error, that, 'labour is the only source of wealth.' In his own words: 'The error lies in supposing that labour produces all,—that the whole of the produce of labour and capital arises from the exertions of the labourers, independently of the capital with which they work and are assisted.'—Introduction, p. xxxiii.

The author's anxiety to prove a particular thesis, we apprehend, is the reason of a discrepancy which lurks, unperceived by himself, at the bottom of his very definitions. The thesis in question is simply that there is 'nothing more just or reasonable and unchallengeable than the present inequality of wealth and conditions.' See p. 121. This bias, so decidedly felt by the author, does not come to view in time to save the reader from going through an array of contradictory statements which it requires some such predilection as we have quoted to reconcile. Compare, for instance, the opening proposition of the second chapter, 'Excepting the land and its natural productions, all wealth is the produce of human labour and capital,' with the following ingenious account of capital in chapter 6, p. 63:

'Capital is the third instrument of production and original source of wealth. It is at its origin a product of the other two instruments; but it immediately unites with them in causing its own future increase, and co-operates thenceforward in the production and augmentation of every sort of wealth. It is at first a very rude instrument, a club, a wooden spear, or even a stone, in the hands of the savage, but it gradually improves and increases as society advances by means of industry and frugality, and comes more and more into employment, until at length, in the progress of improvement and accumulation, it becomes the most efficient and powerful of all the three instruments, and the grand source of exuberant production of abundance, luxury, and leisure. Of this truth we shall be fully convinced' (of all this?) 'when we consider how limited the powers are of man's naked arm, and how little can be produced by land and labour simply, without the co-operation and assistance of capital.'

'These are the three material means or instruments of production, and the only immediate and original sources of wealth. Strictly speaking, indeed, the first and second only are simple and original; the third being at first, as was just observed, a product of the other two.' \*\* but as soon as capital has accumulated into masses it becomes a separate and independent instrument, and an

original source of wealth to its possessors or proprietors, as well as land or labour.'

So this ingenious account stands thus: capital is no longer to be viewed as a product existing only in consequence of labour applied to land, and renewed only by successive applications of labour to land; but as a prolific *tertium quid*, 'an original source of wealth,' and as the author, it seems, would have us believe, pouring forth a never-dying stream of opulence quite independently of the other two sources of wealth. We believe that this doctrine may be acceptable enough to the non-labourers, whom to multiply, says Mr. Read, (p. 58,) is the grand object and effect of all real improvement, 'to increase the number of the non-labourers, and diminish the number of the labourers, productive and unproductive;' but we are not so confident that the capitalists, whose champion Mr. Read professes to be, will thank him for 'looking into the bottom of this question;' as he says, (p. 33, introduction,) 'they have always appeared to decline it, as if afraid that they should discover in it nothing to their advantage.' If the word capital never meant any thing else than accumulations of the produce of land and labour, the capitalists need not dread the investigation of the question, whether the present inequality of wealth and conditions be the most just, reasonable, and unchallengeable thing in the world, or the reverse. Whatever adherence to definitions of capital we may find haply in the writings of any political economist, we are sure that the *public creditor*, in common parlance, is very apt to consider himself a holder of capital, if not in the sense of 'accumulated productions of labour,' at least of something equivalent, representing them; and as long as *public credit* ensures to him the facility of exchanging his title to receive interests annually for the nominal amount of his principal, in cash, so long he need not trouble himself about the definition of a term. But should public credit once be shaken, which may our rulers' wisdom forefend, it will be seen here, as it has been elsewhere, how vaporous is the sort of capital which subsists but as the record of national expenditure.

Having disposed of the natural grounds of right to vendible property in his first book, Mr. Read proceeds to treat of the 'Causes which naturally regulate the distribution of wealth;' and we do not think Mr. Read would have advanced the main positions of this book if he had seen either Mr. Thompson's 'Inquiry into the Principles of the Distribution of Wealth most conducive to Human Happiness;' or the critique upon it by M. de Sismondi, in 'The Revue Encyclopédique.' The first chapter of that work should be compared with the second book of the author now before us; the subject of both is an investigation of the natural laws of distribution; stated by Mr. Thompson in three short propositions:

'First. All labour ought to be free, and voluntary as to its direction and continuance.

'Second. All the products of labour ought to be secured to the producers of them.

'Third. All exchanges of these products ought to be free and voluntary.

'The penalty,' says Mr. Thompson, 'attached by nature to the breach of these her laws of distribution, or, to speak without metaphor, the penalty ensuing from the constitution of men and of things surrounding them, is the loss of the objects of wealth, and of the happiness to be derived from them, in proportion to the magnitude of the offence, to the extent of departure from these laws.'

—Inquiry, &c. vol. I, p. 178.

Our readers will remark a striking contrast in the

order of Mr. Read's Inquiry and that of Mr. Thompson. The former gentleman does not proceed to the real ground-work of the subject, the laws of distribution, till he has, as he thinks successfully, established a favourite theory on an abstract question, 'The Right to Vendible Property.' His predecessor, Mr. Thompson, having laid down and illustrated the rules of action above quoted, proceeds to examine what have been the consequences, moral, economical, and political, of swerving from those rules, and he is very far from coming to the conclusion which Mr. Read has in view: 'that there is nothing more just, or reasonable and unchallengeable than the present inequality of wealth and conditions.' We are glad to see, however, that Mr. Read, whenever he views the other side of the question attentively, expresses himself in favour of the exertions made by the poorer classes, and repels the imputation of their being indolent. He admits, also, that

'There are but two ways of improving mankind and of bettering their condition, and these are by means of education and good government, and all attempts to succeed by any other methods will always be found abortive and unavailing; but as a liberal system of education can never be thoroughly and securely established where good government is not found, and as the former naturally follows where the latter has place, these two causes are in effect reduced to one, and good government may be pronounced to be the one indispensable and only efficient cause of improvement in the condition of mankind in general, and particularly in that of the labouring classes of the people.'—P. 176.

From that inversion, which we have noticed in Mr. Read's method, it probably happens that he quits the topic at the head of his second book, and takes up a number of those commonly treated by political economists, as value, price, profit, rent, wages, poor-laws, and taxes, through all of which we cannot invite our readers to follow, though we think some of the chapters, as that of the poor-laws, for the humanity of its recommendations, and that of rent, wages, and profits, for its severe criticisms on the Ricardo School of political economists, would afford interest to those who have a taste for such subjects.

The possibility of a legal and compulsory provision for the poor, which in Ireland may form a counterpoise to the curse of absenteeism, is put forth by Mr. Read, on the following grounds of justice and humanity:

'I. In the first place, to make a legal and compulsory provision for the poor is the only effectual way to put a stop to public begging, which is unseemly itself and mischievous in its consequences to all who are compelled to witness it, even while they are able to relieve every applicant, but which becomes tenfold more pernicious when it arrives to that height (which it has frequently done in this country of late years) that you are not only unable to relieve, but scarcely even to hearken to the complaints of the numerous unfortunate objects presented to your view. For when men are obliged to look daily upon nakedness, and hunger, and disease, or upon all three combined, and to tell the miserable sufferer that they can administer nothing to his relief or comfort, but, on the contrary, must drive him from their doors and from their sight, every compassionate feeling must be violated and blunted; and the frequent repetition of such sights and scenes must harden the heart and eradicate all sentiments of humanity out of the world.

'II. Secondly, the legal and compulsory provision has this great advantage over the precarious and voluntary one, that it equalizes the burden that actually is and

must be borne in supporting the poor, by obliging the uncharitable and hard-hearted to contribute exactly and fairly with the charitable and humane in proportion to their means.

\* III. Thirdly, the feelings and happiness or unhappiness of the poor themselves are surely not to be wholly overlooked in this question. Now, under a voluntary and uncertain provision, they are condemned to a continual despondence,—to live under continual dread of the most distressful calamity which can happen to them—the dread of starvation;—whereas, under a legal and compulsory provision, all this waste of anxiety and despondency is spared and prevented, and their condition converted into one of comparative comfort; and all this, it is believed, at no greater cost, or sacrifice, even in a merely pecuniary view, than is required to be made under a voluntary system.—Pp. 362, 363.

\* When Mr. Malthus's doctrines were first broached, and the bruit of them began to be heard throughout the land, it was thought to have been discovered and placed beyond the possibility of doubt, that the numbers of the poor, under the English laws and management, would necessarily increase in a "geometrical ratio," and that the "rates," if unchecked, must in the end, and in no long time, absorb and "eat up" the whole value and produce of the land. Land proprietors became seriously alarmed for their estates, and almost every body encouraged them in that alarm. It was no great wonder, therefore, that they should have readily listened to every projector, and entertained with favour every proposition which promised to avert so imminent a hazard, however senseless and absurd might be the nature both of the alarm raised and of the proposed remedy. It was no great wonder that *emigration* should have been most gravely attempted as a palliative, and that even the avowed dereliction of universal charity should have been represented and resorted to as the grand and only effectual *panacea*. Seeing, or believing that they saw, a speedy and inevitable destruction impending over them, every other feeling was overpowered and stifled by the stronger claims of self-preservation.

\* The consequences have been dreadful;—a conspiracy—an almost universal though tacit combination was formed against the poor,—a combination the object of which was to resist and obstruct the execution of the poor laws,—clergymen and heritors have participated in it, and even the courts of justice,—the bench and the bar,—have all united to condemn every form of poor-law, and to obstruct and discountenance an appeal to those we have, as far as their power or influence extended. Here in Scotland, at least, I can safely say that this has been the case; and the best proof of it is, that at the present moment the most miserable and inadequate allowances are given, even to the aged and infirm poor throughout Scotland. But I should do injustice to the actors in this memorable crusade of the powerful against the miserable, if I did not here add, that they have all the while believed they were performing a high and meritorious act of virtue!

\* Happily, however, there are now many symptoms appearing of the breaking up of this confederacy, and of a strong disposition to doubt the soundness of the conclusions previously arrived at and relied on as unquestionable. The doctrines that have occasioned all this mischief are even renounced and abandoned by some of those who were chiefly instrumental in spreading them; and a poor-law for Ireland has even been proposed with some hope of success. A ray of heavenly light now irradiates the sky, and has penetrated the gloom which rested on the beginning of the nineteenth century, and a more cheering prospect at length opens upon us.

\* In any measure having the object just mentioned in view, it appears to me that the first thing necessary to be done would be to abolish the present regulation, whereby every parish is obliged to maintain its own poor separately, and with it all obstructions to any person *not* a criminal removing from one place or parish to another, or to his settling himself where he pleases in any honest business. The burden of the whole poor would then be borne equally by the whole people, and the expense paid out of the public treasury; which expense would be replaced and the treasury again replenished when necessary, by a general tax and contribution levied upon all classes

of persons, down almost to the very lowest; since none ought to be relieved altogether from the duty and obligation of charity, and almost none can be so poor as to be incapable of contributing their mite.\*

Concurring, as we do, with this view of *nationalizing* the poor, we wish it to be borne in mind, that 'the burden of the whole poor,' meaning the non-labouring poor, is only a part of the load sustained by the labouring classes; for out of the produce of their labours all the unemployed and unproductively employed of various ranks and conditions are in fact maintained. Until this truth be generally felt and acknowledged, and due respect be paid to industry, we must have recourse to palliations for the evils of pauperism. We must admit the right of the poor to support, says Mr. Read, 'as long as the liberty to engross and accumulate land, and every other species of wealth to any extent, is allowed.'

\* When, in the midst of a civilized society where the land is all appropriated, the division of labour established, and where no legal provision has been made for the poor, it happens to the labourer that he is unable to procure employment, and has nothing to eat, he is in effect commanded to starve without resistance, and without any effort to save himself. But what sanction has the society of which he is a member to offer, which should induce him to comply with so inhuman and so unreasonable a command?—Death is the highest punishment that the society can inflict; but Death stares the person so circumstanced already in the face, and he is certain that he must immediately perish if he yields obedience to this mandate.—P. 364.

\* After the division of labour is established, the earth's produce cannot be taken by every one directly, but subsistence still comes to every one from the earth, whence alone it can come, although to the greater number of individuals in a roundabout way. In this state of things the right enjoyed in the state of nature to take directly of the earth's produce as much as may be required to support life is relinquished in order to enjoy the greater advantages which arise from the division of labour, by means of which a more ample and liberal subsistence is acquired by every body, and especially by the labourer himself. The one right or advantage therefore is obviously given up for the other. But this arrangement necessarily implies the condition that the labourer shall find employment; and when this condition fails and support is denied him, his original right of nature reverts to him, and he is again at liberty to ransack the world for food independent of all human conventions, which, in as far as regards him, are broken and annulled.—P. 366.

\* And that this is really the feeling of all men when such a case is brought home to them, appears evident from this, that in all such cases the offender is invariably acquitted. In every case that I have observed to happen, (and I have observed many,) where a person has been brought to account for laying hold, under the circumstances described, of the first food that came in his way, although it was not his own property, the *penalty of the law has been uniformly remitted*. Judges have not condemned nor juries convicted; while the lookers on have gone fully along with both, and have cordially approved of their conduct and lenity on such occasions. Many readers may probably be able to recollect instances of such acquittals under the circumstances described; to complete, however, this part of my argument, I shall adduce the following:

\* The first case I shall notice of the kind described, occurred in London a good many years ago; but, having mislaid the paper in which I found it, I can neither give the statement *precisely* as reported, nor the exact date

\* As, however, there would still be ample room for voluntary charity after all that could be accomplished by the most comprehensive and best-contrived system of poor-laws, such a tax, or *poor-rate*, as is proposed, might be graduated and diminished on the smaller incomes and properties, so as to leave the contributions of those who are more closely in contact with, and have consequently the better opportunities of discovering the truly-deserving and necessitous,—to be chiefly at their own disposal. Such regulation will appear the more peculiarly proper and expedient, when it is considered how much charity or assistance in difficult circumstances, is given by the poorer sort of labourers to one another.

when it took place. I am unwilling, however, to omit the mention of this case altogether, as it is so much to my present purpose, and I shall therefore state the chief circumstances and particulars of it as I recollect them. The case was that of an American sailor who was brought before the Lord Mayor of London, either at the Mansion-House or Guildhall, I am uncertain which, charged with stealing a loaf. (This happened at a time when there were many hundreds of sailors going about the streets of London idle and unable to procure employment, which was, I think, not long after the conclusion of the late war.) On his defence the culprit stated, that he had been unable to find any employment for several months previously, nor could he procure a passage home, although he was willing to have worked it without any wages but his victuals. He stated farther, that he had expended all his previous savings some time past. He was then asked if he had had any thing to eat that day? to which he answered, "No, nor the day before neither;" and the poor lad could suppress his feelings no longer, but burst into tears. The sympathy of the court and of all present was immediately turned in his favour, and money was thrown to him from all quarters of the hall; and the Lord Mayor not only allowed him to accept the money so presented, and to depart without any punishment, but promised farther to see him taken care of, and assisted to find a passage to his native country.—Pp. 367—369.

Upon the whole, we think that there is much useful matter in Mr. Read's book, and, in conclusion, we thank him cordially for stating, in his introduction, that

\* No individual, nor body of men can have right to exclude or interdict others from coming forward with their portions or capitals also, in open and equal competition, or to attempt to enhance their gains by means which are unjust or injurious to their neighbours.\*

Let us make the application of this sentence to those bodies of working men who are endeavouring, in almost every part of England, to work out their emancipation from the evils of insecurity, by forming co-operative societies; and by throwing their profits and weekly savings into a common fund, to raise capital for giving employment to themselves. We agree with the writer in the last 'Quarterly Review,' 'The benefits which the co-operators hope to derive from these associations, if they should ever reach the highest stage of success, are, 1st, a perfect emancipation from all fear of poverty; a sure provision for themselves, not only in health and activity, but in sickness and age, and for their families after their death. 2nd, A sufficient supply of the comforts of life without that hard and incessant labour which now wears them out prematurely. 3d, Leisure for innocent enjoyment, the acquisition of knowledge, and the cultivation of their minds: in fine, great and lasting improvement in not only their physical, but their moral and intellectual condition.'

#### HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

*History of Scotland. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Vol. I., being the Commencement of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Fc. 8vo. Pp. 352. Longman and Co. London, 1830.*

BEFORE proceeding to examine the work of the eminent writer now before us, it may be proper to glance at the plan of the 'Cyclopædia,' of which it forms the leading portion. The grand objection to all previous Encyclopædias is the abstruse technicalities of the several departments, which, in a great measure destroy their utility as books of reference to the uninitiated. This evil it is Dr. Lardner's first and professed intention to obviate, 'To present,' he says,

\* The several arts and sciences in a form which shall be universally intelligible, to render them attractive to the general reader, yet, at the same time, to inculcate sound principles, and, by transfusing through the whole work a philosophic spirit, not only to stimulate the diffusion of knowledge, but to raise the tone of the public mind, and to awaken a taste for the contemplation of the works of nature and the results of art, is the great object to be at-



completed. That this end may be attained, it will be necessary, as far as possible, to divest science of its technicalities; to abandon its conventional language; to dispense with those great aids to expression derived from peculiar forms of notation; and to unfold its truths in the colloquial phraseology of ordinary life. To do all this, without sacrificing that soundness of reasoning, and those fine generalisations which constitute the spirit of true science, and alone distinguish it from knowledge merely practical, is possible to those only who are conversant with its most profound details. Impressed with this conviction, the conductor has thought it advisable to solicit the aid of some of the highest characters in the scientific world. In stating this, it is gratifying to add, that his exertions have been crowned with success."—Pp. 6, 7.

This statement, we confess, appears exceedingly specious and plausible, but Dr. Lardner will be certain to find that the plan will not work well; for we are confident that it is impossible for most men who are 'conversant with the most profound details,' to bring themselves down to the level of intelligibility. A few there may be who can do so, particularly among those who have experience in teaching youth; but unless a scientific author can, like a dramatist or a novelist, throw himself into the very position of an un instructed reader, his failure will be certain. We need not say that the power of doing this must be rarely—very rarely—found among men of science, and we could point out a considerable number of the names which Dr. Lardner has announced as contributors, for proof of our opinion. Many of these are highly and deservedly distinguished, we admit; but we could not pitch upon one of them who is eminent on account of a talent for popularising science, though many of them for the very opposite character of abstruseness. It will be time enough, however, to advert to this upon the appearance of one of the scientific volumes, and we shall therefore return to the historical portion.

'The volumes of history,' says the prospectus,

'Like those of science and art, will be popular, in the just sense of the term. Excluding dry details of unimportant actions, and tedious disquisitions on abstract subjects, they will present in a connected series all those events which contribute to the great end of history—the knowledge of man. The materials will be drawn from the most original sources. What is historically certain will be distinguished from that which is only presumed with probability, and both will be carefully set apart from what is merely legendary. Tales which have been hallowed by antiquity, or perpetuated by the fascination of poetry, will be admitted, because they have been gradually mixed up and associated with much that is real and truly useful; but they will bear the stamp of fiction full upon them. Deeds of savage ferocity will not be held up to admiration under the names of valour and heroism; and injustice and rapacity, so often praised under the name of ambition, will be exposed in their true colours, and stigmatised with historic infamy. While a spirit of freedom will be encouraged, the benefits of order and subordination will be strongly enforced both by example and precept. No party politics whatever will be admitted into "The Cabinet Cyclopædia;" the cultivation of virtue, and the diffusion of sound political wisdom will be its great and leading objects.'—Pp. 7, 8.

Now we hesitate not to affirm that the 'History of Scotland,' the publication with which the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia' commences, Sir Walter Scott has not followed up these prospectus-promises; for, instead of 'excluding dry details,' he has rather excluded what is interesting, and exhibited a mere chronological skeleton, particularly in the earlier portion of the volume; while, in the latter portion, he has carefully lopped off or abridged the more interesting incidents. We could prove this position by some hundreds of examples, but shall content ourselves with a few; and for this purpose we cannot do better than contrast what we hesitate not to call dry passages, with the graphic and picturesque details of the very same incidents from his own pen, in the 'Tales of a Grandfather.' We open the volume before us almost at random, and meet with the following account of the attempt made by

Lord James Douglas, 'to carry the heart of King Robert Bruce to the Holy Land:

'The issue of the expedition was nevertheless most disastrous to Scotland. The good Lord James, having the precious heart under his charge, set out for Palestine with a gallant retinue, and observing great state. He landed at Seville in his voyage, and learning that King lph war with the Moors, his zeal to encounter the infidels induced him to offer his services. They were honourably and thankfully accepted: but having involved himself too far in pursuit of the retreating enemy, Douglas was surrounded by numbers of the infidels when there were not ten of his own suite left around his person; yet he might have retreated in safety had he not charged, with the intention of rescuing Sir William Sinclair, whom he saw borne down by a multitude. But the good knight failed in his generous purpose, and was slain by the superior number of the Moors. Scotland never lost a better worthya a... when his services were more needed. He united the romantic accomplishments of a knight of chivalry with the more solid talents of a great military leader. The relics of his train brought back the heart of the Bruce with the body of his faithful follower to their native country. The heart of the king was deposited in Melrose Abbey, and the corpse of Douglas was laid in the tomb of his ancestors, in the church of the same name.'—Pp. 170, 171.

The following is his previous version of the same incidents, and we think there can be but one opinion as to which is the best:

'The Douglas caused a case of silver to be made, into which he put the Bruce's heart, and wore it round his neck by a string of silver and gold. And he set forward for the Holy Land, as it was called, with a gallant train of the bravest men in Scotland, who to show their value and sorrow for their brave king, Robert Bruce, resolved to attend his heart to the city of Jerusalem. It had been much better for Scotland if the Douglas and they had stayed at home to defend their own country, which was shortly afterwards in great want of their assistance.

'Neither did Douglas ever get to the end of his journey. In going to Palestine, he learned in Spain, where the Saracen king, or Sultan of Grenada, called Osmyn, was invading the realm of Alphonso, the Spanish king of Castile. King Alphonso received Douglas with great honour and distinction, and people came from all parts to see the great soldier, whose fame was well known through every part of the Christian world. King Alphonso easily persuaded him that he would do good service to the Christian cause by assisting him to drive back the Saracens of Grenada, before proceeding on his voyage to Jerusalem. Lord Douglas and his followers went accordingly to a great battle against Osmyn, and had little difficulty in defeating the Saracens who were opposed to them. But being ignorant of the mode of fighting among the cavalry of the East, the Scots pursued the chase too far, and the Moors, when they saw them scattered and separated from each other, turned suddenly back, with a loud cry of *Allah illah Allah!* which is their shout of battle, and surrounded such of the Scottish knights and squires as had advanced too hastily.

'In this new skirmish, Douglas saw Sir William St. Clair of Roslyn fighting desperately, surrounded by many Moors, who were hewing at him with their sabres. "Yonder worthy knight will be slain," Douglas said, "unless he have present help." With that he galloped to his rescue, but was himself surrounded by many Moors. When he found the enemy press so thick round him as to leave him no chance of escaping, he took from his neck the Bruce's heart, and speaking to it as he would to the king, had he been alive,—“Pass first in fighting,” he said. “as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee, or die.” He then threw the king's heart among the enemy, and rushing forward to the place where it fell, was there slain. His body was found above the silver case, as if it had been his last object to defend the Bruce's heart.

'Many of the Douglas's followers were slain in the battle in which he himself fell. The rest re-

solved not to proceed on their journey to Palestine, but returned to Scotland. After the time of good Lord James, the Douglasses have carried upon their shields a bloody heart, with a crown upon it, in memory of this expedition of Lord James to Spain with Bruce's heart.

'The Scottish knights who remained alive, returned to their own country. They brought back the heart of the Bruce, and the bones of the good Lord James. These last were buried in the church of Saint Bride, where Thomas Dickson and Douglas held so terrible a Palm Sunday. The Bruce's heart was buried below the high altar in Melrose Abbey. As for his body, it was interred in the midst of the church of Dumfermline, under a marble stone." Vol. I. p. 210.

This, there can be no question, is greatly more graphic and interesting than Sir Walter's abridged narrative in the volume before us, which is sadly shorn of its fair proportions and reduced to a skeleton of dry bones.

We think much more favourably of the brief disquisitions which Sir Walter has introduced respecting the manners and polity of early ages, a subject which no living writer understands more thoroughly than he. We select his account of the two great nations who divided Scotland, up at least to the year 843:

'At the earlier term we know that the manners of those descended of the Dalriads, Scots-Irish, or pure Scots, properly so called, must have been, as they remained till a much later period, the same with those of the cognate tribes in Ireland, the land of their descent. Their constitution was purely patriarchal, the simplest and most primitive form of government. The blood of the original founder of the family was held to flow in the veins of his successive representatives, and to perpetuate in each chief the right of supreme authority over the descendants of his own line, who formed his children and subjects, as he became by right of birth their sovereign ruler and lawgiver. A nation consisted of a union of several of such tribes, having a single chief chosen over them for their general direction in war, and umpire of their disputes in peace. With the family and blood of this chief of chiefs most of the inferior chieftains claimed a connection more or less remote. This supreme chieftain, or right of sovereignty, was hereditary, in so far as the person possessing it was chosen from the blood royal of the king deceased; but it was so far elective that any of his kinsmen might be chosen by the nation to succeed him; and, as the office of sovereign could not be exercised by a child, the choice generally fell upon a full-grown man, the brother or nephew of the deceased, instead of his son or grandson.

'This uncertainty of succession, which prevailed in respect to the crown itself, while Celtic manners were predominant, proved a constant source of rebellion and bloodshed. The postponed heir, when he arose in years, was frequently desirous to attain his father's power; and many a murder was committed for the sake of rendering straight an oblique line of succession, which such preference of an adult had thrown out of the direct course. A singular expedient was resorted to, to prevent or diminish such evils. A sort of king of the Romans, or Cæsar, was chosen as the destined successor while the sovereign chief was yet alive. He was called the Tanist, and was inaugurated during the life of the reigning king, but with maimed rites, for he was permitted to place only one foot on the fated stone of election. The monarch had little authority in the different tribes of which the kingdom was composed unless during the time of war. In war, however, the king possessed arbitrary power; and war, foreign and domestic, was the ordinary condition of the people. This, as described by Malcolm, is the constitution of Persia at this day.

'Such was the government of the Scots when the Picts, losing their own name and existence, merged into that people. It does not appear that there existed any material difference between the Pictish form of government and that of their conquerors, nor did such distinction occur in any of the other nations which came to compose the Scottish kingdom, with the exception of the Lothians. Galloway was unquestionably under the dominion of

patriarchal chiefs and clans, as we know from the patronymics current to this day, of which M'Dougal, M'Colloch, M'Kie, and other races certainly not derived from the Highlands, ascend to great antiquity. Strath-Clyde was probably under the same species of government; at least, the clan system of the Celts prevailed in the south and eastern parts of the border district until the union of the crowns; and as, had it been once disused, such a species of rule could not easily have been reconstructed, we are authorized to suppose that it had flourished there since the fall of the British kingdom. There occurs a further reason why it should have been so. The clan, or patriarchal, system of government was particularly calculated for regulating a warlike and lawless country, as it provided for decision of disputes, and for the leading of the inhabitants to war, in the easiest and most simple manner possible. The clansmen submitted to the award of the chief in peace; they followed his banner to battle; they aided him with their advice in council, and the constitution of the tribe was complete. The nature of a frontier country exposed it in a peculiar degree to sudden danger, and therefore this compendious mode of government, established there by the Britons, was probably handed down to later times, from its being specially adapted to the exigencies of the situation. But though the usage of clanship probably prevailed there, we are not prepared to show that any of the clans inhabiting the border country carry back their antiquity into the Celtic or British period. Their names declare them of more modern date.

\* Those various nations which we have enumerated had all a common Celtic descent; at least, it is yet unproved that the Picts were any other than the ancient Caledonians, who must of course have been Britons. Their manners were as simple as their form of government, exhibiting the vices and virtues of a barbarous state of society. They were brave, warlike, and formidable as light troops; but, armed with slender lances, unwieldy swords, and bucklers made of osiers or hides, they were ill qualified to sustain a lengthened conflict with the Norman warriors, who were regularly trained to battle, and entered it in close array and in complete armour. As other barbarians, the Celtic tribes were fickle and cruel at times, at other times capable of great kindness and generosity. Those who inhabited the mountains lived by their herds and flocks, and by the chase. The tribes who had any portion of arable ground cultivated it, under the direction of the chief, for the benefit of the community. As every clan formed the epitome of a nation within itself, plundering from each other was a species of warfare to which no disgrace was attached; and when the mountaineers sought their booty in the low country, their prey was richer, perhaps, and less stoutly defended than when they attacked a kindred tribe of Highlanders. The lowlands were therefore chiefly harassed by their incursions.

\* The Picts seem to have made some progress in agriculture, and to have known something of architecture and domestic arts, which are earliest improved in the more fertile countries. But neither Scots, Picts, Galwegians, nor Strath-Clyde Britons, seem to have possessed the knowledge of writing or use of the alphabet. Three or four different nations, each subdivided into an endless variety of independent clans, tribes, and families, were ill calculated to form an independent state so powerful as to maintain its ground among other nations, or defend its liberties against an ambitious neighbour. But the fortunate acquisition of the fertile province of Lothian, including all the country between the Tweed and Forth, and the judicious measures of Malcolm Cean-mohr and his successors, formed the means of giving consistency to that which was loose, and unity to that which was discordant, in the Scottish government.

\* With some of that craft which induced the Scottish proprietors of the middle ages to erect their castles on the very verge of their own property, and opposite to the residences of their most powerful neighbours, Malcolm Cean-mohr fixed his royal residence originally at Dunfermline, and his successors removed it to Edinburgh. Berwick and Dunbar were fortified so as to offer useful opposition to an invading army; and to cross the Tweed, which, in its lower course, is seldom fordable, leaving such strengths in their rear, would have been a hazardous attempt for an English invader, unless at the head of a very considerable army. The possession of

Lothian, whose population was Saxon, intermingled with Danish, introduced to the king of Scotland and his court new wants, new wishes, new arts of policy, an intercourse with other countries to which they had formerly no access, and a new language to express all these new ideas. We have noticed what willing reception Malcolm, influenced by his queen, gave to the emigrant Saxons and Normans, and the envy excited in the ancient genuine Scots by the favour extended to these strangers. All the successors of Malcolm (excepting the Hebridean savage Donald Bane) were addicted to the same policy, and purchased knowledge in the way in which it is most honourably obtained, by benefiting and rewarding those who are capable to impart it. Of the Norman barons, generally accounted the flower of Europe, Scotland received from time to time such numerous accessions, that they may be said, with few exceptions, to form the ancestors of the Scottish nobility, and of many of the most distinguished families among the gentry; a fact so well known that it is useless to bring proof of it. These foreigners, and especially the Normans and Anglo-Normans, were superior to the native subjects of the Scottish kings, both in the arts of peace and war. They therefore naturally filled the court, and introduced into the country where they were strangers their own manners and their own laws, which in process of time extended themselves to the other races by which Scotland was inhabited.

\* The benefits received from this influx of foreigners, and their influence, were doubtless a main step towards civilizing Scotland; yet the immediate effect of their introduction had a tendency to the disunion of the state. It created in these lofty strangers a race of men acting upon different principles, and regarding themselves as entirely a separate race from the Celtic tribes, possessing jarring interests, and discordant manners. The jealousy betwixt these separate races was shown in the council of war previous to the battle of the standard, where Bruce, speaking of himself and his peers, as being neither Scottish or English, but Norman barons, upbraided David for bringing out against a chivalrous race which had rendered him such services the wild ferocity and uncertain faith of the Scottish tribes. While, on the other hand, Malise, Earl of Strathern, reproached the same monarch for trusting more to the mail and spear of Norman strangers than the undaunted courage of his native soldiers.

\* This intermixture gave a miscellaneous, and, in so far, an incoherent appearance to the inhabitants of Scotland at this period. They seemed not so much to constitute one state as a confederacy of tribes of different origin. Thus the charters of king David and his successors are addressed to all his subjects, French and English, Scottish and Galwegian. The manners, the prejudices of so many mixed races, corrected or neutralised each other; and the moral blending together of nations led in time, like some chemical mixture, to fermentation and subsequent purity. This was forwarded with the best intentions, though perhaps overhastily, and in so far injudiciously, by the efforts of the Scottish kings, who, from Malcolm Cean-mohr's time to that of Alexander III. appear to have been a race of as excellent monarchs as ever swayed sceptre over a rude people. They were prudent in their schemes, and fortunate in the execution; and the exceptions occasioned by the death of Malcolm III. and the captivity of William, can only be imputed to chivalrous rashness, the fault of the age. They were unwearied in their exercise of justice, which in the more remote corners of Scotland could only be done at the head of an army; and even where the task was devolved upon the sheriffs and vice-sheriffs of counties, the execution of it required frequent inspection by the king and his high justiciaries, who made circuits for that purpose. The rights of landed property began to be arranged in most of the lowland counties upon the feudal system then universal in Europe, and so far united Scotland with the general system of civilization.

\* The language which was generally used in Scotland came at length to be English, as the speech of Lothian, the most civilized province of the kingdom, and the readiest in which they could hold communication with their neighbours. It must have been introduced gradually, as is evident from the numerous Celtic words retained in old statutes and charters, and rendered general by its being the only language used in writing.—Pp. 49

—55.

We cannot with justice always award to Sir Walter the praise of accuracy in following his authorities, though he is unquestionably industrious and a most extensive reader. One most extraordinary instance of what we allude to, occurs in the 'Tales of a Grandfather.' On entering upon the much disputed story of Mary, Queen of the Scots, he says he will only state such 'facts as are admitted and proved on all sides;' but instead of keeping to this promise, he immediately gives us what has neither been admitted nor proved, and not even dreamed of by any historian; namely, that Mary was at Jedburgh when Bothwell was in a skirmish near the Hermitage, upon hearing which she hastened thither to pay him a visit. On the contrary, the dates of the public records show that Mary was at Edinburgh when Bothwell was wounded; and so far from hastening to visit him, though within twenty miles of the Hermitage, she held a court of justice at Jedburgh for eight days after learning the accident, and only went when it was indispensable for her to consult him as the Lieutenant (not Lord Warden, as Sir Walter says,) of the Marches.

Upon the whole, we cannot accept the present *exquisite* of Sir Walter as 'The History of Scotland; for though it is certainly better, in some respects, than the works of Buchannan or Robertson, which are false and inaccurate in almost every page, it is too dry and meagre in detail to be interesting—which we think is the first requisite of a good history.

The volume, judging it by quantity, is not overcheap in this age of cheapness.

#### ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS, &c.

*Elements of Physics, or Natural Philosophy, General and Medical, explained independently of Technical Mathematics. In two volumes. Vol. II. Part I. comprehending the subjects of Heat and Light. By Neil Arnott, M.D., of the Royal College of Physicians. 8vo. Longman and Co. London, 1829.*

(Concluded from p. 749.)

THE treatise on light, which concludes the second volume of Dr. Arnott's work, may be thought by many to surpass in general interest his excellent section on the properties of heat, from which we were enabled to give some extracts in our last number.

The two subjects of this volume, heat and light, are so intimately connected, that in many cases it is difficult to convey an appropriate idea of the one, which shall not suppose the existence of the other, while both are obviously the great agents on which the animal and vegetable kingdom are made to depend for their very being.

But light—so immediately concerned with the sense by which we enjoy the brightest pleasures of our existence as rational creatures—possesses perhaps more interest with the general reader than any other subject of scientific research. That entrance to knowledge, the fair portal of the eye, with its beautiful mechanism, so curiously contrived, that a momentary glance can convey ideas a thousand words are inadequate to express, cannot fail to excite admiration in a contemplative mind, and it is worthy of remark, that no complicated organ of the animal economy can so gratify laudable curiosity as the eye.

With regard to the structure of other organs, we are, for the most part, left perfectly in the dark as to the mode of operation. The most attentive study discloses to our knowledge parts, of which the use, though sometimes evident, is often obscure, destined to perform functions by means of which we have not the most remote idea, and producing decompositions, apparently without analogy to any thing that art can effect. But in the formation of the eye it is different, for there is seen a beautiful machinery quite within our comprehension, and so exactly conformable to principles developed by the operations of art, that we are enabled to produce an artificial eye, possessing all the properties of the real one, so far as respects its immediate action on the rays of light.

The sense of sight is likewise susceptible of more



direct assistance from the resources of natural philosophy than any other. The various contrivances of art by which our necessities are supplied and our comforts increased, have, in many cases, a kind of secondary action or indirect influence on our intellectual faculties, while those by which our sight is extended from the microscopic wonders of infinite divisibility, to the gigantic mechanism of the universe may be said to convey knowledge directly from its source, or at least to provide us with the ready means of acquiring information.

The parallel between the structure of the eye and that of the well-known instrument the camera obscura is happily illustrated by our author. He thus proceeds,

'The Eye.—And who could at first believe that in describing the camera obscura, as we have now done, we had in reality been describing that most interesting of the objects of creation, the living eye itself, the great inlet of man's knowledge, that which may be called the visible dwelling of the soul, or at least the window of that dwelling—that from which all the fire of passion darts, through which the languor of exhaustion is perceived, in which life and thought seem concentrated! Yet the eye is nothing but a simple camera obscura, formed of the parts described above as essential to the camera obscura:—but in its simplicity it is so perfect, so unspeakably perfect, that the searchers after tangible evidences of the existence of an all-wise and good Creator, have declared their willingness to be limited to it alone in the midst of millions, as their one triumphant proof.'—Pp. 209, 210.

'The nature of the eye as a camera obscura is beautifully exhibited by taking the eye of a recently killed bullock, and after carefully cutting away or thinning the outer coat of it behind, by going with it to a dark place and directing the pupil towards any brightly-illuminated objects; then, through the semi-transparent retina left at the back of the eye may be seen a minute but perfect picture of all such objects—a picture, therefore, formed on the back of the little apartment or camera obscura, by the agency of the convex cornea and lens in front.

'Understanding from all this, that when a man is engaged in what is called looking at an object, his mind is in truth only taking cognizance of the picture or impression made on his retina, it excites admiration in us to think of the exquisite delicacy of texture and of sensibility which the retina must possess, that there may be the perfect perception which really occurs of even the separate parts of the minute images there formed. A whole printed sheet of newspaper, for instance, may be represented on the retina on less surface than that of a fingernail, and yet not only shall every word and letter be separately perceivable, but even any imperfection of a single letter. Or, more wonderful still, when at night an eye is turned up to the blue vault of heaven, there is portrayed on the little concave of the retina the boundless concave of the sky, with every object in its just proportions. There a moon in beautiful miniature may be sailing among her white-edged clouds, and surrounded by a thousand twinkling stars, so that to an animalcule supposed to be within and near the pupil, the retina might appear another starry firmament with all its glory. If the images in the human eye be thus minute, what must they be in the little eye of a canary-bird, or of another animal smaller still! How wonderful are the works of nature!'—P. 213, 214.

The apparent difficulty arising from the inverted picture formed on the retina of the eye, and the manner in which we see an object with both eyes at once, are satisfactorily explained in the familiar style of illustration in which our author so much excels.

'Because the images formed on the retina are always inverted as respects the position of the objects producing them—just as happens in a simple camera obscura, persons have wondered that things should appear upright, or in their true situations. The explanation is not difficult. It is known that a man with wry neck judges as correctly of the position of the objects around him as any other person—never deeming them, for instance, inclined or crooked, because their images are inclined as regards the natural perpendicular of his retina; and that a bed-ridden person obliged to keep the head upon the pillow, soon acquires the faculty of the person with wry neck: and that an affected

girl inclining her head while trying her attitudes, from much practice judges of the manœuvres of a beau as conveniently in that way as in any other; and that boys who at play bend down to look backwards through their legs, although a little puzzled at first, because the usual position of the images on the retina is reversed, soon see as well in that way as in any other. It appears, therefore, that while the mind studies the form, colour, &c. of external objects in their images projected on the retina, it judges of their position by the direction in which the light comes from them towards the eye—no more deeming an object to be placed low because its image may be low in the eye, than a man in a room into which a sun-beam enters by a hole in the window-shutter, deems the sun low because its image is on the floor. A candle carried past a key-hole, throws its light through to the opposite wall, so as to cause the luminous spot there to move in a direction the opposite of that in which the candle is carried; but a child is very young who has not learned to judge at once in such a case, of the true motion of the candle by the opposite apparent motion of the image. A boatman, who, being accustomed to his oar, can direct its point against any object with great certainty, has long ceased to reflect, that to move the point of the oar in some one direction, his hand must move in the contrary direction. Now the seeing things upright, by images which are inverted, is a phenomenon akin to those which we have reviewed.

'Another question somewhat allied to the last, is why, as we have two eyes, and there is an image of any object placed before them formed in each—why the object does not appear to us to be double. In answer to this, again, we need only to state the simple facts of the case. In the two eyes there are corresponding points, such that when a similar impression is made on both, the sensation or vision is single: but if the least disturbance of the position occur, the vision becomes double. And the eyes are so wonderfully associated, that from earliest infancy they constantly move in perfect unison. By slightly pressing a finger on the ball of either eye, so as to prevent its following the motion of the other, there is immediately produced the double vision; and tumours about the eye often have the same effect. Persons who squint have always double vision: but they acquire the power of attending to the sensation in one eye at a time. Animals which have the eyes placed on opposite sides of the head, so that the two can never be directed to the same point, must have in a more remarkable degree the faculty of thus attending to one eye at a time.'—Pp. 214—216.

The following explanation of the terms 'short-sighted' and 'long-sighted' may be acceptable to many of our readers, and useful to some who are afflicted with either of those defects in vision:

'Persons are called *short-sighted* whose eyes from too great convexity of the cornea or lens, have so strong a bending or converging power, that the rays of light entering them are brought to a focus before reaching the retina; so that the rays, by spreading again beyond the focus, produce on the retina that sort of indistinct image which is seen in a camera obscura of which the screen is too distant from the lens. This defect of sight obliges the individual when using the naked eye to hold objects very near it, that the consequent greater divergence of the rays may be proportioned to the unusual refractive power of the eye;—or the person may find a remedy in placing concave lenses between the object and the eyes, which lenses, by rendering light from objects at a usual distance more divergent, cause the perfect images in the eye to be formed farther from the lens, and thereby on the retina itself. Without concave spectacles—as the lenses are called when fixed together in a frame—persons with the defect now under consideration cannot see distinctly any object that is distant, and from which the rays, because coming nearly parallel, are quickly gathered to a focus. This defect often diminishes with years, and the person who in youth needed spectacles, in old age sees well without them.

'There is an opposite defect of deficient converging power in the eye, dependent on a too great flatness of the cornea or lens, which defect is much more common than the last-mentioned, for the great majority of persons after middle age sooner or later begin to experience it. In this case the rays of light are not yet collected into a focus

when they reach the retina; and hence the image is indistinct, in the same manner as in a camera obscura of which the screen is held too near the lens. Persons suffering this defect cannot, when using the naked eye, see distinctly any object very near to it, because the gathering or converging power of the eye cannot conquer the great divergence of rays coming from a near point; and hence such persons always remove objects under examination to a considerable distance, often to that of arm's length, so as to receive from them only the rays nearly parallel. These persons, in contradistinction to the last described, are called *long-sighted* persons. Their defect is remedied by the common convex spectacles, which do part of the converging work, so to express ourselves, before the light enters the eye, leaving undone only that which the eye can easily accomplish. As this ailment, like the last, is met with in all degrees, it becomes requisite to choose spectacles accordingly: certain curvetures or strengths have been numbered as naturally belonging to different ages or periods of life, but each person should choose under the direction of an experienced judge, until that strength is found which enables him to read, without any straining of the eye, at the common distance of from twelve to eighteen inches.'—Pp. 219—221.

The many curious attempts at illusion which abound at this inventive period, are noticed by Dr. Arnott in the following extracts, though he judiciously omits such minute description of the machinery of the pretty contrivances called dioramas, pæcilomas, cosmoramas, &c., as might, by exhibiting the simplicity and uncouth appearance of the means, contribute to lessen the pleasure many persons receive from such spectacles.

'Common paintings and prints may be considered as parts of a panoramic representation, showing as much of that general field of view which always surrounds a spectator, as can be seen by the eye turned in one direction, and looking through a window or other opening. The pleasure from contemplating these is much increased by using a lens or such spectacles as above described. There is such a lens fitted up in the shops, with the title of *optical pillar machine*, or *diagonal mirror*, and the print to be viewed is laid upon a table beyond the stand of the lens, and its reflection in a mirror supported diagonally over it, is viewed through the lens. The illusion is rendered more complete in such a case by having a box to receive the painting on its bottom, and where the lens and mirror, fixed in a smaller box above, are made to slide up and down in their place to allow of readily adjusting the focal distance. This box used in a reverse way becomes a perfect camera obscura. The common show-stalls seen in the streets are boxes made somewhat on this principle, but without the mirror; and although the drawings or prints in them are generally very coarse, they are not uninteresting. To children whose eyes are not yet very critical, some of these show-boxes afford an exceeding great treat.

'A still more perfect contrivance of the same kind has been exhibited for some time in London and Paris under the title of *Cosmorama* (from Greek words signifying *views of the world*, because of the great variety of views.) Pictures of moderate size are placed beyond what have the appearance of common windows, but of which the panes are really large convex lenses fitted to correct the errors of appearance which the nearness of the pictures would else produce. Then by farther using various subordinate contrivances, calculated to aid and heighten the effects, even shrewd judges have been led to suppose the small pictures behind the glasses to be very large pictures, while all others have let their eyes dwell upon them with admiration, as magical realizations of the natural scenes and objects. Because this contrivance is cheap and simple, many persons affect to despise it; but they do not thereby show their wisdom: for to have made so perfect a representation of objects, is one of the most sublime triumphs of art, whether we regard the pictures drawn in such true perspective and colouring, or the lenses which assist the eye in examining them.

'It has already been stated, that the effect of such glasses in looking at near pictures, is obtainable in a considerable degree without a glass, by making the pictures very large and placing them at a corresponding distance. The rule of proportion in such a case is, that a picture of

one foot square at one foot distance from the eye, appears as large as a picture of sixty feet square at sixty feet distance. The exhibition called the Diorama is merely a large painting prepared in accordance with the principle now explained. In principle it has no advantage over the cosmorama or the show-box, to compensate for the great expense incurred, but that many persons may stand before it at a time, all very near the true point of sight, and deriving the pleasure of sympathy in their admiration of it, while no slight motion of a spectator can make the eye lose its point of view.

A round building of prodigious magnitude has lately been erected in the Regent's Park in London, on the walls of which is painted a representation of London and the country around, as seen from the cross on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral. The scene taken altogether is unquestionably one of the most extraordinary which the whole world affords, and this representation combines the advantages of the circular view of the panorama, the size and distance of the great diorama, and of the details being so minutely painted, that distant objects may be examined by a telescope or opera-glass.

From what has now been said, it may be understood, that for the purpose of representing still-nature, or mere momentary states of objects in motion, a picture truly drawn, truly coloured, and which is either very large to correct the divergence of light and convergence of visual axes, or if small, is viewed through a glass, would affect the retina exactly as the realities. But the desideratum still remained of being able to paint motion. Now this too has been recently accomplished, and in many cases with singular felicity, by making the picture transparent, and throwing lights and shadows upon it from behind. In the exhibitions of the diorama and cosmorama there have been represented with admirable truth and beauty such phenomena as—the sun-beams occasionally interrupted by passing clouds, and occasionally darting through the windows of a cathedral and illuminating the objects in its venerable interior—the rising and disappearing of mist over a beautiful landscape,—running water, as for instance, the cascades among the sublime precipices of Mount St. Gothard in Switzerland;—and, most surprising of all, a fire or conflagration. In the cosmorama of Regent Street, the great fire of Edinburgh was admirably represented:—first, that fine city was seen sleeping in darkness while the fire began, then the conflagration grew and lighted up the sky, and soon at short intervals, as the wind increased, or as roofs fell in, there were bursts of flame towering to heaven, and vividly reflected from every wall or spire which caught the direct light—then the clouds of smoke were seen rising in rapid succession and sailing northward upon the wind, until they disappeared in the womb of distant darkness. No one can have viewed that appalling scene with indifference, and the impression left by the representation, on those who knew the city, can scarcely have been weaker than that left on those who saw the reality. The mechanism for producing such effects is very simple; but spectators, that they may fully enjoy them, need not particularly inquire about it.—Pp. 276—280.

#### COURT OF BONAPARTE.

*The Family Library, No. VIII. The Court and Camp of Bonaparte.* 18mo. pp. 326. Murray. London, 1829.

WE cannot withhold from this little volume the praise of being very entertaining. According to its prefatory advertisement, it makes no pretensions, yet it cannot be denied that the company in which it is ushered into the world, and the fashion of its garb, bespeak an ambition hardly justifiable by its real character. It modestly enough professes to be an *Appendix*, and on that score, perhaps, may claim to be admitted into the company of its betters, as menials are tolerated in our dining-rooms to administer to our wants while at table. But our servants are not allowed to take place, to wear the attire, or to assume the title, of one of the family; and we doubt much whether there are not many persons too fastidious generally, and too punctilious in points of *bienséance* in particular, to admit No.

VIII. to the same board or shelf with Nos. I and II., under whatever pretext he may be introduced. His breeding, to tell the truth, is by no means so high as that of the brethren with whom he claims affinity. Allowing that he is just, it may be objected that he is often coarse, especially on that most delicate of all subjects—the characters of the ladies. He is still more often flippant, and not altogether so attentive to accuracy in material points as he might be. But the Appendix is 'so full of anecdote,' that Mr. Hood decides for his passing as a hanger-on, and that, like others of his class, his powers of entertaining, shallow as they may be, are, according to the most received usages, a sufficient passport to society, of which he is, in all other respects, wholly unworthy.

The book commences, indeed, with a statement very open to question:

'If the immediate relatives of Napoleon possessed no other claim to our notice than that of their talents or services, they should have no place in the present collection. In ordinary circumstances, not one of them would have risen above the sphere of mediocrity, and most of them would have remained below it. It is only as the instruments—though the weak and inefficient instruments—of their brother, that history will deign to grant them a niche in her temple.'

We are not disposed to quarrel with this conclusion; but we think that the fact being thus—as the family of Napoleon are only worthy of notice from their connection with his history,—the figure they necessarily make in that history might have been allowed to suffice, and that dragging them forward separately is an unnecessary exposure. The frailties recorded against them are certainly for the most part such as might have been allowed to sink into oblivion, unless indeed the task of registering were accompanied with the exercise of greater pains to discover if there were no redeeming qualities which might give another colouring to the picture. The 'Tabular View' of the Buonaparte family at the commencement of the work would have supplied all the information needful to the students of the History of Napoleon.

In several respects we observe besides that greater attention to accuracy as to fact has been observed in that table than in the biographical sketches; and this remark suggests the reflection, that an author who, in writing the lives of the Buonaparte family, should not think it necessary to inquire whether the Princess Borghese were dead or living, and who should be ignorant as to the place where Eugene Beauharnois passed the latter years of his life and died, gives proofs of levity little calculated to inspire confidence either in his facts or conclusions in other respects. The tone of the book throughout seems to proceed rather from a disposition to lightness than the desire to do justice. Yet its general spirit is by no means unfair, however particular passages might afford reason for suspecting it to be so.

Fouché, Savary, and the princesses are the most severely handled. Justice is done to the unfortunate Ney and to Murat. The narrative is rapid and lively, and the book much more amusing and less common-place than the nature of the work and the brevity of many of the articles would lead the reader to expect.

It looks odd to see the names of Pichegru and Moreau, of the former especially, put on the list of Buonaparte's generals. It would have been about as correct to have given the memoir of Robespierre as one of his ministers.

We take one specimen of the narrative from the life of Murat. The following is the account of the origin and early career of the *beau sabreur*:

'Joachim Murat possesses other claims to our notice, besides merely his having risen from the very dregs of society to the kingly dignity. The prominent part which he took in some of the mightiest events of his time; his close connection with the most wonderful personage of modern history; his chequered life; his romantic and tragical end—render him by far the most remarkable of the imperial captains.

'He was born March 25, 1767, at the little village of Bastide Frontonnière, then in the province of Perigord, but now in the department of Lot. The father was the keeper of an *auberge*, or humble country inn; who, having once been steward to the Talleyrands, enjoyed, in some measure, the patronage of that ancient and wealthy family.

'In his earliest youth, Joachim exhibited signs of that daring spirit which distinguished him above all his contemporaries, Nelson and Ney excepted, in after life. The exquisitely skilful and fearless horsemanship of the boy was the talk of the neighbourhood. He was the first in every violent exercise—in every feat of daring. That the parents of so mettled a youth should have so far mistaken, or disregarded, his prevailing bias, as to destine him for the ecclesiastical state, may well surprise us. Perhaps, however, they saw little hope of pushing him on in the army, whereas the influence of the Talleyrands might serve him in the church. Through them, accordingly, he was admitted into the college at Cahors; and thence, after the usual time, he removed to Toulouse to finish his education. But study was more than irksome to Joachim. He had too much vivacity of disposition to pursue what he considered as the dull routine of scholastic learning; and abandoned to more patient minds the prizes which he had neither the wish nor the capability of obtaining. Hence, he was no great favourite with his teachers; but in his view this was amply compensated by the admiration of his fellow-students. This daring, open, generous, passionate libertine was more the object of their regard than if he had evinced the most splendid proofs of genius.

'In his twentieth year, the Abbé Murat—as he was usually designated—fell in love with a pretty girl of Toulouse,—fought a duel for her, carried her off, and lived with her in retirement until his little stock of money was exhausted. The *éclat* which accompanied this adventure for ever put an end to his ecclesiastical expectations—perhaps he intended it to have this effect. His last sous being spent, he threw off the sacred habit, and enlisted in a regiment of chasseurs, then passing through Toulouse. His personal appearance was greatly improved by the change: his martial look, his proud demeanour, his firm, decided step, his stature, equally lofty and noble, were exhibited to the greatest advantage under his new garb. His conduct, however, was so insubordinate, that he was ere long dismissed from the regiment in disgrace. He returned to his native village; but still thirsted after arms, and some time afterwards procured his enrolment into the Constitutional Guard of Louis XVI. He joyfully left his paternal roof a second time, and with his companion, Bessières, afterwards Duke of Istria, hastened to Paris.

'Here Murat soon distinguished himself as one of the most violent enthusiasts of equality and stern republicanism. These notions he gloried in defending against all who dared to impugn them. His zeal furnished him with perpetual quarrels; and in one month he was known to fight six duels.'—Pp. 252—254.

After the second abdication of Napoleon, Murat escaped with difficulty from France to Corsica. He there entered into negotiations with Metternich for permission to settle in the Austrian territory, and the necessary passports for the purpose were granted him; but he was betrayed by his own ardour, and the machinations of villains still more treacherous, into a fatal attempt to recover his kingdom, the result of which, although familiar perhaps to most of our readers, we transcribe as a good specimen of the biographer's spirit and manner:

'With some difficulty the ex-king had raised from thirty to forty thousand francs, hired six brigs, and enrolled about two hundred men for the expedition, when the necessary passports arrived for his passage to Austria. The conditions were in the hand-writing of Metternich, and as favourable as he could have desired. He had only to lay aside his kingly title, to promise obedience to the laws, and engage never to leave Austria without the emperor's permission. In return he might assume the title of count, and retire with his family (which had escaped into Austria) to any part of Bohemia, Moravia, or Upper Austria; he might inhabit town or country, and live in the splendour becoming his rank. His friends



urged him to be contented with this, and relinquish his mad undertaking; but he declared that the die was cast—that he would descend on the Calabrian coast. Accordingly, on the evening of September 23<sup>rd</sup>, he embarked at Ajaccio to pursue the conquest of his kingdom. The garrison of the port were aware of his design, and might have prevented the embarkation; but Joachim was so popular among the soldiers that not a shot was fired after him till the vessels were beyond the range of the guns: then, in compliance with the suggestion of the commandant, who informed them that it was necessary to make some sort of demonstration to lull the suspicions of the French government, they fired “long and loudly.” This was enough: it enabled the officer to make a satisfactory report of the zeal testified by the garrison in the service of his Most Christian Majesty.

‘The naval commander of the expedition was one Barbara, who owed every thing in life to the ex-king, and who was in consequence considered worthy of implicit confidence.

‘The little squadron was retarded by contrary winds, and did not arrive in sight of Calabria before the evening of October 6<sup>th</sup>. That night the vessels were dispersed in a heavy gale, and at day break the king’s was the only one which stood off the coast. But in the course of the morning it was joined by another, and not long after by a third. One of his officers proposed that the three should double the promontory of Paolo, where they would most likely have fallen in with the rest; but the proposal was over-ruled by Barbara, on the ground that they would run a risk of being intercepted by the Sicilian cruisers: nor, unfortunately, was this the only traitor. When night came, and Murat had given orders for the barks to proceed towards Amantea, one of the three captains quietly slipped away, and sailed back to Corsica with fifty of the best soldiers.

‘When daylight appeared, and this vessel was missing, his few faithful followers seized the favourable opportunity, and urged Murat to sail for Trieste, and claim the hospitality of the Austrian. To their great joy he assented; ordered a bag, containing five hundred copies of the proclamation he had intended for the Neapolitans to be thrown into the sea; and directed Barbara to steer for the Adriatic. The latter objected his want of water and provisions for so long a voyage, and offered to procure them at Pizzo, which was then in sight. This was assented to, but just as he was departing, he requested that he might be furnished with the passports, in case the authorities of the port should attempt to detain him. This strange demand awakened, as well it might, the suspicions of Murat. In vain did he labour to convince the wretch, that the passports could only lead to the discovery of the voyagers: the traitor persisted in refusing to go on shore without them. His object in wishing to secure them was probably to deliver them up to the authorities of Pizzo; so that when the fugitive was captured and put to death, their existence might safely have been denied. Whether the intended victim suspected this, or whether he resolved to try what effect the attempt might produce, he suddenly asserted his determination to go on shore himself! There was such downright madness in the thing, that his attendants would have been justified in confining him to the cabin, until the necessary provisions were procured, and the vessels far on their way to Trieste. His mind—never very firm—was now in a high state of excitement and agitation. They saw he was resolute, however, and they insisted on accompanying him, and on sharing any fate that might befall him. He ordered them to appear in full uniform; and at the same time directed the captain to keep close in shore, so as to be ready to receive them, in case they were compelled to re-embark.

‘It was about mid-day on Sunday, the 8<sup>th</sup> of October, that he set his foot on the beach—being followed by twenty-eight soldiers (including officers), and three domestics. Some mariners recognized him, and shouted “Joachim for ever!” A few idle spectators joined the little band, as it proceeded towards the great square of Pizzo, where the soldiers of the district were then assembled to exercise. The ex-king considered this a fortunate circumstance: like a greater man in a similar situation, he boldly approached them, while his followers unfurled his standard, shouting “King Joachim for ever!” But the cry was repeated only by one peasant. The soldiers

readily recognized his person, but preserved an obstinate silence.

‘One would have thought this example sufficient; yet he would continue his way to Monte-Leone, the capital of the province—conduct which can only be explained by a temporary aberration of mind. The road from Pizzo to Monte-Leone is rugged, precipitous, and difficult; and the little party had not made much progress, before they were pursued by one Trenta-Capilli, a captain of gendarmes, who headed a number of his men, and some other adherents of the place. Joachim had never been a favourite with Pizzo, the trade of which he was accused of having injured. By paths known only to themselves, some of their body gained the advance of the party, while the rest followed: thus were the adventurers placed between two fires. Murat, still in the hope of making a favourable impression, now advanced towards his assailants, and hailed them: the only answer was a shower of balls. One of his officers was killed, another wounded; but he would not suffer his companions to return the fire. His situation was desperate: he saw that his only chance of safety was by reaching the sea; and, leaping from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, while the shot whistled around him, he at length reached the beach. The treachery of Barbara could no longer be doubted: both vessels were at a considerable distance from the shore, indifferent spectators of his danger! A fishing-boat lay on the beach: he endeavoured to push it into the water; but was unequal to the effort. Some of his companions now joined him, but before they could embark, all were surrounded by the infuriate mob. Resistance was evidently vain: he surrendered his sword, begging only that his brave followers might be spared. But he spoke to the deaf: some of those faithful men were cut down at their master’s side; the rest were hurried away with him, and cast into the same prison. Here the gendarmes searched him; and after depriving him of his money, his jewels, his letters of credit, they, unfortunately for him, found on his person a copy of his proclamation, which he had taken from one of his officers, and which he had imprudently neglected to destroy.

‘Joachim spent a few hours amidst his companions, most of whom were wounded, in a manner highly honourable to his heart—labouring to console them—as if he had no sorrows of his own. But he was soon removed from the common room, into one more private, and more suited to his past dignity; and there waited on by General Nunziante, whose duty it was to interrogate him officially as to his disembarkation at Pizzo. The conduct of this officer was honourable and delicate: he knew how to combine fidelity to his master with a deep sympathy for the fallen.

‘One of the ex-king’s first steps was to write to the Austrian and English ambassadors, then at Naples, to interest them in his behalf. The letters were detained by the Neapolitan government until the writer was no more.

‘Orders now reached Pizzo to try General Murat as an enemy to the public peace, not by a civil tribunal, but by a military commission. This order was of course equivalent to a condemnation. Nunziante was unwilling to believe that such a measure would be persisted in, and suspended the proceedings until the commands of the court should be more fully known. On the evening of the 12<sup>th</sup>, however, his worst fears were confirmed: the members of the commission arrived, and brought with them a royal decree, which allowed the prisoner only half an hour after the sentence should be pronounced. The breathless haste of the ministers is not difficult to be explained: they no doubt either feared an insurrection of the people in his favour, or that if the foreign ambassadors heard of his detention, the accomplishment of their purpose might be thwarted.

‘It would be ridiculous to treat of such a trial as falling within any ordinary rules; but certainly the license was pushed far in this case, for not one of the members of the commission was competent, under the existing law of Naples, to sit in judgment on an officer of the rank conceded to General Murat. They were eight in number—one adjutant-general, one colonel-commandant, two lieutenant-colonels, two captains, and two lieutenants; nor is it much to the credit of those officers that most of them had been indebted for their commissions to him of whose destruction they were the instruments:

‘Joachim declined the competency of the court—first as a sovereign prince, next as a marshal of France. He said to his advocate: “This tribunal is every way incompetent, and so contemptible, that I should be ashamed to appear before it. You cannot save my life, but you will allow me to save the royal dignity. The end in view is not justice, but condemnation: the members of the commission are not my judges, but my executioners. Speak not in my defence, I command you.” But remonstrance and protests were vain: the commission sat, and proceeded.

‘In this last painful scene Murat behaved with more dignity than might have been expected. When, according to usage, the tribunal despatched one of their body to ask his name, age, country, &c., he hastily cut short the vain formula: “I am Joachim Napoleon, King of the Two Sicilies: begone, sir!” He afterwards conversed with perfect coolness and evident satisfaction of all that he had done for his kingdom. He said, and said truly, that for whatever there was of good in the system of administration, the Neapolitans were indebted to him. He then briefly adverted to his present situation. “I had expected,” said he, “to find in Ferdinand a more humane and generous enemy: I would have acted very differently had our situations been reversed.”

‘While Murat was thus speaking to the officers around him,—all of whom addressed him by his kingly title, and otherwise treated him with great respect,—the door opened, and one of the commissioners entered to read the sentence: he heard it unmoved. He then requested to see his companions,—this was refused; but permission was given him to write to his wife. His letter was affectionate and affecting; he inclosed in it a lock of his hair, and delivered it unsealed to Captain Stratti—another gentleman in the service of the reigning king, who exhibited the same honourable feelings as Nunziante.

‘When the fatal moment arrived, Murat walked with a firm step to the place of execution,—as calm, as unmoved, as if he had been going to an ordinary review. He would not accept a chair, nor suffer his eyes to be bound. “I have braved death,” said he, “too often to fear it. He stood upright, proudly and undauntedly, with his countenance towards the soldiers; and when all was ready, he kissed a cornelion on which the head of his wife was engraved, and gave the word—thus, “Save my face—aim at my heart—fire!” —Pp. 275–282.

*Recreations in Science; or, a Complete Series of Rational Amusement. By the Author of ‘Endless Amusements.’ Illustrated by numerous Engravings. Pp. 234, 12mo. Wilson. London, 1830.*

This little work differs from the numerous productions of the same sort, in not being exclusively confined to experiments; which do not, we think, form more than one third of the work, the rest being made up of descriptive sketches of manufactures, machinery, apparatus, &c. Among these we find a great portion modern, and even very recent, instead of repetitions of the well-known articles in ‘Hutton’s Recreations,’ ‘Accum’s Chemical Amusements,’ and similar books. Our young readers, therefore, will not, in the present instance, be disappointed, as in many similar cases must occur, by finding that they have purchased what they had before possessed. We wish we could have added that the work is throughout intelligible to young readers, for whom it is intended; for in many cases the details are by far too brief and too technical to be understood. The printing also, is often exceedingly inaccurate. Upon the whole, however, it will form a good addition to the libraries of young people, as well as of mechanics’ institutions, where scrap books of science like this are extremely popular. The following are selected as curious:

‘*Hatching Fish.*—The Chinese have a method of hatching spawn of fish, and thus protecting it from those accidents which ordinarily destroy so large a portion of it. The fishermen collect with care, on the margin and surface of the waters, all those gelatinous masses which contain the spawn of fish. After they have found a sufficient quantity, they fill with it the shell of a fresh

hen eggs, which they have previously emptied, stop up the holes, and put it under a sitting fowl. At the expiration of a certain number of days, they break the shell in water warmed by the sun. The young fry are presently hatched, and are kept in pure fresh water till they are large enough to be thrown into the pond with the old fish. The sale of spawn, for this purpose, forms an important branch of trade in China."—(p. 106.)

\* *To Write on Paper with Letters of Gold.*—Put some gum arabic into common writing ink, and write with it in the usual way. When the writing is dry, breathe upon it; the warmth and moisture of the gum will cause the gold leaf to adhere to it, which may be laid on in the usual way, and the superfluous part brushed off, or instead of this, any japanners' size may be used."—(p. 178.)

*The Study of Medicine, by John Mason Good, M.D. F.R.S., &c. containing all the Author's final Corrections and Improvements. Third Edition, with much additional modern Information on Physiology, Practice, Pathology, and the Nature of Diseases in general. By Samuel Cooper, Author of the 'Dictionary of Practical Surgery,' &c. 5 vols. 8vo. pp. 3325. Underwood, London, 1829.*

THE history of this admirable work is not a little curious. Dr. Good, not being able to obtain an offer for the copy-right, had the book printed at his own expense; and, as usually happens in such cases, all the booksellers who held shares in 'Thomas's Practice of Physic,' were interested in obstructing the sale of what was deemed a rival work. The hiring reviews accordingly let loose their choicest epithets of condemnation against Dr. Good, who was represented as an antique book-worm, unacquainted either with practice, or modern medical literature. So far as we know, only one medical journal ventured to predict the certain success of the work, in a review drawn up by the writer of this notice; a review which produced a repetition of the attacks of the hirelings upon Dr. Good's work.

Mark the result. Although Dr. Good's work was thrice the price of the wretched performance of Dr. Thomas, (which, to the disgrace of the profession, had been the standard text-book for some years,) the first edition was rapidly disposed of, besides two large editions of a reprint in America.—The second edition, which was increased by four hundred pages of new matter, sold still better, and upon the lamented death of Dr. Good, the copy-right was eagerly purchased by one of the principal proprietors of the rapidly sinking work of Dr. Thomas.

The third edition, just published, contains eighty-nine pages of new matter, by the editor, the popularity of whose 'Surgical Dictionary,' no doubt, caused him to be selected for the task; which he has executed a great deal better than we could have anticipated, after the obvious logical blunder in his title page. His 'Surgical Dictionary,' besides, we do not think very highly of; for, though it contains good materials, these are huddled together in a very cumbering and confused manner. We are consequently almost as much in want of a good general book on surgery, as we were of one on medicine, before the appearance of Dr. Good's 'Study.' Cooper himself could not supply the desideratum, from not having had sufficient surgical practice, and from want of logical skill in disposing of his materials. Wardrop or Lawrence could do it admirably. Dr. Paris, we are certain, could have edited the work before us, much better than Cooper, and he could not have looked upon it in the least derogatory to his deservedly high reputation, though he could, we think, write even a better work than that of Dr. Good's.

Upon the whole, however, there can be but one opinion about Dr. Good's 'Study of Medicine,' namely, that it has as yet no rival in extensive eraining and practical information, while its ele-

gance of style is admirably calculated to improve the literary taste of the young practitioner. The latter becomes a very important consideration, when we look at the extension of literature among even the labouring classes, and the barbarous style of the greater number of medical books. We are, therefore, rejoiced to see the works of such accomplished authors as Dr. Good and Dr. Paris becoming so popular in the profession. In this respect we are sorry we can by no means praise Mr. Cooper, whose rough unpolished paragraphs sound gratingly on the ear, after the classical elegance of Dr. Good.

*The British Almanac for 1830, Published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. 12mo. Knight. London.*

It may be recollected that the 'Athenæum,' was among the first, if not the very first periodical, which hailed the appearance of 'The British Almanac,' as marking an era in the spread of knowledge. In our first number we predicted, without fear of failure, that 'The British Almanac,' must drive the rubbish of the Stationers' Company out of the field. 'The people,' we added, 'cannot longer endure to be insulted in their understanding and their moral sense as they have been. The Almanac of the society will take root and flourish, when Moore and Poor Robin are remembered only as a remarkable illustration of how long the upas-tree of ignorance may cling to the earth, when nourished and watered by a skilful monopoly, supported in its opposition to all rivalry, by a crushing taxation.'—(Athenæum, Jan. 2, 1828.)

These predictions have been, and are now rapidly fulfilling. Of 'The British Almanac,' of last year, about 40,000 copies were sold, and this year already bids fair to double that number, that is, about one-fourth of all the Almanacs circulated in the kingdom; and all this in the face of the most bitter opposition, poured out from every department of the mercenary portion of the public press. In our first article, just alluded to, we held the members of the Stationers' Company to be personally amenable for the highly objectionable trash contained in their Almanac, but shrinking from the justice of our award, they have thrown the whole onus upon the eminent mathematicians Simpson, Hutton, and Olmuth Gregory, whom they have severally employed as editors; and one of their mercenariness asks, with triumph, whether the public can suppose that such distinguished men could pen and promulgate the absurdities and obscenities of judicial astrology?—The answer plainly leads to the question, Do the Almanacs published by the company contain these absurdities and obscenities? If they do, we have a right to denounce them as abominable, even if they came from Sir Isaac Newton, or any other man of similar distinction. Yet, notwithstanding the public odium, and the unprecedented falling off in the sale of 'Moore's Almanac,' it has this year a repetition of its absurd and lying predictions of the weather, and all the usual balderdash of an astrological hieroglyphic.

A great deal has been said respecting the tide tables of 'The British Almanac,' but though there can be little doubt these were incorrect last year, they must now stand in a very different position, as the society inform us their tide tables have been drawn up from the averages of 'more than 9000 observations of the time of high water, which have been made at the London docks.'

*Health without Physic. By an old Physician. 12mo. Wilson. London, 1829.*

'HEALTH without Physic, by an old Physician!' Dr. Stevenson, we should presume, from the style of the work, and the frequent recommendations of a certain 'Imperial Tincture,' which that gentleman,

in the works published under his own name, has taken care to puff off as a specific vastly powerful and infallible against sea-sickness. The whole of this book is one of the strangest compounds we ever beheld:—'Effects of the passions and effects of gluttony; a warning voice against drunkards; odes upon mankind; reflections on suicide; religious consolations for old age; and tables of the durations of life;' mixed together in one heterogeneous mass, and yet written with a great deal of spirit and liveliness, and withal very amusing, if not extremely instructive. It wants the originality of Kitchiner to place it on a par with 'Peptic Precepts;' but it is by no means devoid of interest, and seeing that it does not enter upon the unhallowed ground of domestic medicine, that charnel house of infants and sick paupers, we would recommend our readers to follow its rules, and try what may be done with the cricket-bat, on an open hill-side, in opposition to the pestle and mortar, with all the horrors of a black dose and Hunt's antibilious pills. There are some singularly useful pieces of advice, entitled, 'A Code of Resolutions for Declining Life,' which it would become many sexagenarians to follow; amongst others, 'not to fall in love,' or to die without making their wills, and never to be enervated by the flatulence of tea. But people must read for themselves; we merely give these as specimens and hints to the public, and we hope every one may laugh as heartily as we did when they shall inspect the pages of this queer production.

*Illustrations of Plymouth, Devonport, and their Picturesque Neighbourhood. Drawn on Stone by J. D. Harding, from Drawings taken on the Spot, by Captain G. R. Sartorius, R. N. No. 1. Byers and Saunders, Devonport; Ackerman, London.*

CAPTAIN SARTORIUS, when in command of the British squadron in the Tagus last year, proved himself an adept in the use of the pen and the sword, and he has availed himself of the leisure the expiration of his period of service has given him, to prove himself a master of the pencil also. His views of the beautiful scenery about our great western naval arsenal are extremely well chosen, and generally present an arrangement of picturesque and pleasing objects, worthy a professor of the art. The subjects of the prints in the number before us, are 'Mount Edgcombe, from the Hoe;' 'Stonehouse Bridge, from Richmond Walk;' 'Mount Edgcombe, from Stonehouse Bridge;' and 'Plymouth Sound and Drake's Island.' We like the third of them least, but must do the gallant officer the justice to say that the fault appears to be in the lithographic draughtsman, rather than in him; the mound formed by Mount Edgcombe in the distance is badly made out and formally outlined, very much unlike similar features in others of the views. That of Stonehouse Bridge, from Richmond Walk, is a charming picture, and so indeed are the first and fourth. One striking advantage Captain Sartorius possesses, as the delineator of such a place, in his professional knowledge; for mere artists generally make sad work in treating nautical subjects, through their ignorance of or inattention to their technical details. In the work before us, however, as might be expected, the shipping has all the effect a painter would desire, and all that truth which a sailor alone can give.

#### THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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## CYDON—A TALE.

THE decay and corruption of Athens were more beautiful and impressive than ever was the decline of any other state. When, instead of severe religion and venerable laws, no power remained in the city of Pallas but the genius of Pericles, he concealed and brightened the ruins of ancient virtue with so much of intellectual excitement and refined pleasure, that men could scarcely fail to doubt whether the most solid and living substance of Good were worth the sparkling and intoxicating delusions which had been substituted for it.

At this time the abode of one extraordinary woman furnished a kind and a variety of enjoyments to which the world had till then beheld nothing at all similar, and attracted a society in which the most celebrated and wonderful minds of Athens were proud to find a place. Aspasia, the mistress, the queen, the inspiring goddess of this spot, in which so many sources of amusement, so many persons of renown were brought together, was herself more fascinating and more remarkable than aught or any one within the pale of delight that surrounded her. Her beauty was of the most voluptuous Ionian mould, illuminated and strengthened by an intellect such as had belonged to no woman before her, and has probably been given to but very few in later times. The large dark eyes of her country, were in her of the richest and deepest loveliness, and served moreover, to aid the expression of an eloquence from which Pericles, the glory of Athenian speakers, and Socrates, as drawn by Plato, borrowed the awful peals and subtle lightnings of their noblest discourses. Her form had the perfect symmetry required by sculptors, and so seldom discovered except in a few of their productions; and its movements satiated the eye and the fancy with the airy softness peculiar to the females of the Asiatic shore. But that form and inimitable grace appeared endowed with a new beauty when displayed in the mimic dances, which embodied the conceptions of poetry in images of a beauty far more exquisite, and far alas! more fleeting, than that of the painter's creation. To all this it must be added, that her knowledge of poetry and the arts put her on a level, in these respects, with the dramatists, the singers, the sculptors, and architects, who were themselves the delight of Greece, and who sought more eagerly for her approbation of their skill, than for that of their whole nation assembled at Elis or Corinth. Her manners, moreover, were marked with the most admirable ease, gentleness, and spirit; and she alone, of those women who have rashly wandered for applause beyond the circle of their homes, was able to conceal, if not subdue, the restless cravings of vanity, which are so much less satisfactory to others after the first moments of their surprise and excitement, than even the indifference of stagnant dullness.

The house in which she lived was one of the largest and handsomest at Athens, where, however, the appearance of the private buildings was strongly contrasted with the ample magnificence of the public edifices. Aspasia, to whom, as a foreigner, the state was less a source of enjoyment and dignity than to women connected with it by legal rights and sacred privileges, had felt the want of a domestic importance and splendour that should in some sort afford her compensation. Pericles had gratified her taste and ambition, and his riches, and the admiration of the wealthiest and most powerful Athenians, and of the most accomplished artists in the world, had filled her abode with foreign rarities, with the most delicately shaped and painted vases, and with innumerable graceful devices in bronze and marble. Her apartments might thus have been thought a new Delphi, consecrated to Eros and the Graces, and as brilliantly ornamented with appropriate offerings and master-pieces as was the Temple of Apollo with the trophies or spoils of victory, the offerings of cities, the statues of heroes and of gods.

Hither congregated the men whose names have been through all succeeding time the watchword of genius and glory. Anaxagoras, the philosopher, and

Cratinus, the comic poet, in his extreme old age, brought to the society of Aspasia their wisdom and their wit. Sophocles delighted his beautiful hostess with a temper full of higher and more genial poetry than all the eloquence in which Euripides exaggerated his sensibility, his passions, and his scepticism. The young Thucydides came to be instructed in civil knowledge by Pericles, to whom the younger Socrates taught in turn a deeper and more precious love. When Gorgias attempted to declaim or to dispute, he was gravely conquered or laughably parodied by Aspasia. Pausanias consoled himself in her company, at his painting having been excelled by Timagoras; and Phidias and Ictinus drew from her the inspiration and rules of those wonders of architecture and sculpture which she had incited Pericles to command, and of which the execution was submitted to her judgment by the immortal artists. And Pericles himself, the general, the orator, the statesman, the hand, the tongue, the eye, and genius of Athens, while he displayed his love for her with a grave and devoted enthusiasm, maintained at the same time with playful dignity his immense superiority in will and in station over all others who approached him.

Among the acquaintances of Aspasia, the women were not the least celebrated nor the least admired. Aspasia herself stood prominently forth, as of a different rank and fame from her whole sex. The constant and respectful attachment of Pericles would alone have been sufficient to procure for her this estimation. But it was still more certainly secured by her own powers; yet, though endowed with rarer beauty and faculties than all others, she was still the loveliest, the most extraordinary representative of a numerous class. The increase of luxury, the excessive refinement of taste and sensibility, the sharpened hunger for excitement of every kind, in a city where the intellect and the arts were so highly cultivated, the direction which this love of pleasure had taken towards the enjoyments of fancy and sympathy, all this had necessarily created a demand for a species of social relaxation and of female intercourse, very different from all that had been known in Greece in the days of its domestic simplicity. In the same way the love of the fine arts, of polished society, of fame, whose chosen haunt was the Acropolis and Agora of Athens, and of wealth, which commerce and political power had heaped in the same city, this complicated feeling had drawn the inclinations of many a soft, impassioned, and accomplished Asiatic maid, of Greek extraction, to the spot which united more prizes for vanity, sensibility, and ambition, than all the world beside. Of such women, the most beautiful, the most perfectly instructed, the most attractive, intreated to be allowed to appear in the house of Aspasia; nor was she, perhaps, very bitterly to be blamed for the character she herself played, and for the associates with whom it connected her. The force of her talents, the fiery eagerness of her longings for the gratification of the intellect, had brought her to the polite, the brilliant capital of the Ionian tribes. Her habits and her affection for Pericles had detained her there; and yet so long as she made it her residence; her marriage was necessarily invalid, her children illegitimate, and she could hardly avoid the company of women, whose country, class, and position were in most respects the same as her own. Nothing, therefore, could be more splendid, nothing more animating, nothing more seductive than the female band who shone and smiled, sang, danced, and acted, revelled and caroused in the apartments of Aspasia, and alternately amused and excited the wisest and most famous of their male contemporaries.

Such were the members of an assembly, which frequently met, and always with fresh desire to meet again, and with new admiration of Aspasia. On one of these occasions, the conversation chiefly turned on sculpture, and Phidias took the opportunity of saying that he had lately obtained a new and distinguished pupil, a young Athenian, by name Cydon, who had spent several years at Sicyon, in the school of Polycletus, and had now returned to his native city and placed himself under the tuition of the great

rival sculptor. 'His genius,' added the master, 'is of the highest order, and he alone has satisfied me in executing the works with which thou, O Pericles! hast commanded me to adorn the temples of the gods; but not in executing alone, for by Apollo, his own designs are so excellent, that I begin to feel more jealous of him than of Polycletus himself.'

'And what,' inquired Aspasia, 'are the particular merits which thou discoverest in his productions?'

'I had almost answered,' he replied, 'that his works have all the perfections which sculpture ought or is able to exhibit. But I think that he is especially remarkable for the life and eager motion with which he seems to inspire the figures of those in full youth and activity. He has lately wrought in clay an Atalanta, as graceful and airy as our friend young Dryope. And he alone has satisfied me by the groups of the Lapithæ and Centaurs, which he has added to those designed by myself.'

'A mighty praise!' said the mistress of Pericles; 'I should like to see thy new Sicyonian wonder.'

'That will be difficult,' replied the master, 'for he is wrapped up in his art; and I believe that if I could induce him to steal an hour from the chisel, and to visit thee, he would see even in thyself and Dryope, no more than models to be studied and copied.'

'And dost thou think,' she asked, 'that there would be nothing for a woman to be vain of in supplying to so accomplished an artist as this Cydon, examples for his nymphs and goddesses? Thou shalt bring him hither to-morrow; if he will speak of nothing else, he shall rave the eloquent mysteries of his art, until we believe that Destiny, and Night, and Heaven, the earliest Powers, were but mighty sculptors, and that in statuary alone are to be found the true harmony, and purpose, and ideal model, of human existence.'

The morrow and its evening came in season, and brought Cydon to the abode of Aspasia. The day and hour was unpropitious to the sculptor. He had before been entirely indifferent to all things but his own pursuit. Engaged in it he had been tranquil, cheerful, happy. He was now thrown among those who with a relish for the arts as lively if not so deep and devoted as his own, added eloquence, and wit, and beauty, and noble and winning manners, and a thousand accomplishments. He was at first surprised and bewildered, then dazzled, then delighted, then seduced. The Dryope, whose name has before been mentioned, was younger than Aspasia, and a native of her own Miletus. Pleased by the fresh and simple spirit of the young sculptor, and amused by the wondering eagerness with which he enjoyed those pleasures of society that he had never known before, she bestowed on him a degree of attention and favour which many of the wealthiest and greatest in Athens could neither purchase nor command. Is it strange that Cydon should have been gratified, attracted, overpowered. His sacred enthusiasm for his divine art was laid asleep. His love of ideal beauty haunted him no more. And it seemed to him that keenness and reality had been wanting in the most cherished of his past enjoyments.

The effect of his new state of mind on the productions of his chisel soon became visible. The simple severity, the harmonious unity, that had before distinguished his designs, all disappeared; and the statues on which he was engaged began to address themselves to the vulgar eye, to the senses, to the passions, the excitement of which precludes the pleasures of the imagination, and the love of the consistent, the abstract, the austere beautiful. Aspasia smiled, while Phidias sighed, at the disease, the madness of Cydon. He, meanwhile, himself, uninitiated in the schools of philosophy, and accustomed to reflect on nothing but the laws of outward grace and perfection, knew not his own temper or condition. He felt that his calmness, his self-reliance, his reverence for his art, were diminished or destroyed; but he knew not why. He cherished a vehement and almost delirious passion for Dryope;

but he could not explain why it was that, in the intervals of mental excitement, he was overpowered by an aching discontent.

After a few months of this fluctuating and painful existence, his temper became uncertain, and his intellectual vivacity broke forth only in fits, which were commonly followed by pauses of sullen silence, or by bursts of bitter sarcasm against himself and all mankind. Dryope began to treat him with disdainful coldness or ridicule, half playful, half severe; and at last Cydon determined to re-assert his former power of self-command, and repaired to the house of Aspasia, where he expected to meet with Dryope, for the purpose of bidding her farewell. She was not there. Her lover was angry at himself and her, and sat mute and apart. But Socrates, who delighted to cope with all men in their strangest moods, and who was then young and adventurous, placed himself beside the sculptor, and began to converse with him in that unostentatious method so singularly fit for concealing his design, and for obtaining its accomplishment. Their dialogue was long and various; and until near its conclusion Cydon did not suspect that it had any particular reference to his own state of mind. But when the philosopher arose and bid him good evening, he began to consider the purport of all they had been saying; and he found that the causes and nature of the delusive temptations to which he had for months been yielding, were laid open before him with a clearness of which he had no previous experience. Self-reproach and the resolution of amendment divided his soul, and he left the house of Aspasia in many respects an altered man.

The evening had closed in when Cydon began to walk alone and moody in the outskirts of Athens. He mused with sorrow on his wasted days and lost tranquillity; and the thought as to the origin and destiny of man, which had been excited in him by the conversation of Socrates, revived in his mind, and gained augmented power. His miserable meditations and gloomy doubts were suddenly interrupted, when he found himself in the neighbourhood of a vast multitude gathered around and beneath a grove of trees, which appeared as mere masses of uncertain shadow in the deepening twilight. Throughout the crowd there was a hum and stir of expectation. Cydon pressed among them in the hope of speedily making his way to the other side of an assemblage in which he felt that he had no interest; but he soon found himself one of the innermost ring of spectators, who encompassed a large and level space in the centre of the grove.

Near him stood an altar, on which priests and elders were offering sacrifice. He had waited but a few minutes when proclamation was made in a loud voice, that whoever wished to take part in the sacred torch-race should now come forward. About twenty young men presented themselves, and threw aside their mantles. To each of them a torch was given; and when the last had been so supplied, Cydon fancied that he heard a clear, steady whisper at his ear, saying, 'Thou, too, O Cydon! must engage in the torch-race, and struggle for the prize.' He could not himself account for the violence of the impulse which led him to lay aside his cloak, and range himself among the competitors. A moment's delay had taken place, and the people shouted their joy when they saw in the light of the altar another candidate step forward and demand a torch.

The runners were ranged in line; a flame at a distance was pointed out to them as the goal round which they were to pass, and so return to the altar; and each was then desired to kindle his flambeau at the sacred fire. One prayed to Jupiter, another to Venus, a third to Pallas, a fourth to the Dioscuri. Cydon prayed not at all, but he sighed to think how little even Dryope would now care to hear of his success. While this thought was passing through his mind, he seemed to himself to hear the same unknown voice which had before addressed him, exclaim, at no great distance, 'O! Fire, which didst first give life unto the soul of man, be thou propitious to Cydon.' The young man started and looked hastily

around him, but he could only see the sharp lights and deep masses of shadow amid the band of priests and rivals, and the red and flitting gleams on a few of the thousands of earnest faces that encircled him. The stars were still dim above, and the sky appeared to weigh with a load of darkness on the assemblage.

In another instant the signal had been given; and the runners bearing the torches in their hands, had sprung forward on their course. He who should first return to the altar with his torch still burning was to be declared the conqueror. The troop rushed on, gleaming and flashing, like a rout of phantoms, each armed with a meteor. The voices of the multitude broke forth into a wild shout as they burst away, and then succeeded a breathless silence while the spectators attempted to discern the fate of each individual competitor. One by one the torches were seen to be extinguished; and before they had reached the turning point the numbers were reduced to less than a half of those which had begun the race. But to those around the altar the excitement of the spectacle was much augmented, for the faces of the youths were now visible to them, and every instant brought them nearer and nearer to the goal. The rapid limbs, at first, were scarcely discernible, but the lights blazed brightly on the eager countenances, and threw, as they glanced along, a momentary glare on the pressing line of spectators, who, as soon as the contending racers had passed by, closed in like a wave of the sea behind them. At the close but two candidates remained: the foremost panted violently but covered his mouth with his hand least his breathing should unnecessarily agitate the flame. They were now close to the altar, and the hinder of the rivals had but a second on which to depend for his final effort. With a long bound he passed his antagonist, whose torch was in the same moment extinguished by the rush of air. As to the first at the goal, and to him whose torch had alone remained unextinguished, success was adjudged to Cydon. The multitude shouted again, as if for an Athenian victory, at the triumph of one whose name scarcely ten among them had ever heard before.

The youth escaped as speedily as possible from the crowd, and took his way through the most gloomy and retired portion of the grove. When he had reached a spot of almost entire darkness, he leaned against the stem of a large plane-tree, and began to meditate, what, why, and whence he was, by what laws called on to guide himself, and destined to what end?

'Knowest thou,' said the low and piercing voice which he had twice already heard that evening—'knowest thou in what solemnity thou hast now been engaged, and victorious? Surprised and awe-struck as Cydon was, he had scarcely courage to answer; and before he could say 'No,' the voice continued: 'The altar in this grove is sacred to Prometheus, to the Titan, who animated man by fire from heaven. In his honour those torches were kindled, and the prize is instituted which was won by thee. It is thy destiny to seek out the cave in which the flame, brought by him from the sun, is still burning. Frame, as thou art skilled a woman, and enliven her with that immortal fire. So shall thy happy fate be accomplished; and so shall I be freed.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

## HISTORY OF ICHTHYOLOGY.

(Concluded from p. 733.)

THE Romans, as is well known, never favoured the sciences from views purely speculative. They concerned themselves with fishes as objects of pecuniary interest, or for the supply of a luxury, which, notwithstanding the excess to which it was carried, left unexhausted the riches of the world, which its oppressors had accumulated. But even in the efforts made to administer to this luxury, a spirit of grandeur which bespeaks the inhabitants of the Eternal City is observable. It is on reading the work of M. Cuvier, that new regrets arise that the character

of greatness which is traceable in all they did had not been exercised in behalf of the sciences. Lucullus, he says, caused a hill in the neighbourhood of Naples to be cut through, in order that he might let the waters of the sea into his fish-ponds. It was on the strength of this proceeding that Pompey called him Xerxes in the toga. An admiral was employed to stock the Tuscan sea with the *scorpius*, a fish which before existed in the Grecian seas only. Fish were sent for to beyond the columns of Hercules, and the supply of fish to the capital of the world furnished employment for thousands of persons.

What profit would not another Aristotle have drawn from such favourable circumstances! But neither his method nor his turn for observation any longer existed. Men no longer studied nature, but compilations taken from the works of this first of naturalists; the great work of Pliny itself is but a vast compilation. To Pliny succeeded three Greek authors, Oppianus, Athenæus, and Elianus, neither of them more addicted to observation than himself. Ausonius, says M. Cuvier, is the only author who treats on the subject from his own observation. In short, he adds, natural history was no longer treated of except by compilers, who knew the surface only of things; and with respect to this branch of the sciences there was nothing for the barbarians to do; at the time of their irruption it was extinct.

The several works above cited, and others which it would require too much space to enumerate here, M. Cuvier analyses, compares, and elucidates one by the other. From a critical examination he makes important deductions, and he presents the results of his researches in the most lively and perspicuous manner possible. In one place he explains the Greeks by the aid of Pliny; in another he quotes passages of Horace, Seneca, Juvenal, and Martial, to throw light on Pliny; Aristophanes assists him in his comments on Aristotle.

It has been observed already, that Aristotle was acquainted with one hundred and seventeen species of fishes. Pliny, according to M. Cuvier, did not know more than ninety-five or ninety-six. Oppianus gives the names of a hundred and twenty-five; Athenæus of one hundred and thirty; Elianus of a hundred and ten. Ausonius is the first that mentions the salmon-trout, the common trout, the barbel, and some other fresh-water fishes; altogether the ancients have distinguished and given names to one hundred and fifty kinds of fish; so that only about forty escaped the inquiries of Aristotle; and as to the structure of these animals, nothing whatever had been added by any of the authors who had come after him.

Towards the close of the middle ages, M. Cuvier again comes on the traces of the History of Ichthyology, in the works of Albertus Magnus, Vincent de Beauvais, and even in a 'Treatise on Origins,' of Isidore, Bishop of Seville, in which are to be found, he says, one or two marks of *character* which would be sought in vain elsewhere.

In the fifteenth century letters revived; the discovery of America, and the occupation of the Indies, opened a vaster field to the study of natural history. But, in the earlier periods, those who affected this study confined themselves to the examination and expounding of the ancients; and it was not until the middle of the sixteenth century, that Rondeletius, Belonius, and Salvienus, really original authors, appeared, and in fact, were the founders of ichthyology. It has been shown that it was from them that the art of determining the species had proceeded, and that it was they who had prepared the way for the method of distributing and classing them; two arts which were unknown to the ancients, but which are the two bases of the science.

According to M. Cuvier, Belonius describes and names about a hundred and thirty fishes; of these, seventeen are fresh water, the rest, sea-water fish. Salvienus names ninety-nine, almost all of Italy, and but a few of Illyria and the Archipelago. Rondeletius was acquainted with as many as a hundred and ninety-seven species of sea-fish, and forty-seven of fresh water; and such was the care with which he



had explored the Mediterranean, that Willughby more than once expresses astonishment at the great number of species pointed out by Rondeletius, which he had not been able to find, and of many of which the new work of M. Cuvier is the first to reproduce.

Passing by several authors of minor importance, and coming to the times of Ray and Willughby, it will be found that the number of fishes then known already exceeded four hundred; the number with Linnaeus and Artedi is about the same; but in the works of Bloch and Lacepede, the number amounts to fourteen hundred. In M. Cuvier's work, they are more than five thousand.

But this prodigious increase in the number of species of fish known, is not the only point in which ichthyology has made astonishing progress during the last few centuries; that which it has made in the knowledge of the structure of these animals or their *anatomy* is in no degree less surprising.

With regard to ichthyology, properly so called, that is to say, with regard to the *classing* and *nomenclature* of fishes, it has been shown already, that its history is divided into four epochs; not reckoning for any thing the ancients, who had neither clearly fixed their *characters*, nor even thought of distributing the different species methodically: we see Rondeletius, Belonius, and Salvieus, establishing the distinctive *characters*, Ray and Willughby making use of these to *class* the species; Artedi and Linnaeus bringing to perfection what Ray and Willughby had commenced; Bloch and Lacepede continuing the labours of Artedi and Linnaeus, and from them, omitting all but important names, we arrive at that of M. Cuvier.

The same number of periods may also be assigned to the *anatomy* of fishes. The first is that of Aristotle. A rapid but profound analysis of the anatomical labours of that author in the work of M. Cuvier, shows to what point the Greek naturalist had carried the study of the general structure of fishes, and the justice with which he had recognised that the peculiar characteristics of real fish consisted in the gills and fins.

The second epoch of the *anatomy of fishes* spring, says M. Cuvier, in the seventeenth century, from the happy necessity which obliged the school, founded in the preceding century in Italy, by Fallope, Eustace, and Vesale, to study the anatomy of animals.

At this period appeared the works of Fabricius d'Aquapendente, on the mode of generation of fishes; of Casserius on the brain, the eyes, the nostrils, the membranaceous labyrinth, and the lapilli of the ears; of Severinus on the air breathed by fishes in water; of Borelli on their mechanism for swimming, and the use of the air-bladder; of Malpighi on the folding of the optical nerve; of Stenon on the brain and viscera; of Swammerdam on the pancreatic apparatus.

M. Cuvier traces the spirit of this school into England, where it was introduced by Harvey; into Germany, where it was brought by Volcher-Coiter; into the north of Europe, where it inspired the Bartholins; into this quarter of the globe generally, in short, throughout which it was not slow in infusing itself.

The eighteenth century opened with the great work of Duverney on the respiration of fishes, and their branchial circulation, a work which, says M. Cuvier, 'completes to a certain point the notions to be formed of the organization of these animals,' and marks the term of the second epoch in their *anatomy*.

The third epoch is that of Haller. From him, *comparative anatomy*, which had been neglected during the first half of the eighteenth century, in which the anatomy of man was almost exclusively thought of, suddenly received a new impetus towards the middle of that period, both by the application of it to physiology by Haller, and by that which Buffon and Daubenton made of it, nearly at the same time, to the natural history of animals.

This epoch was enriched by the labours of Camper, Hunter, Vicq d'Azyr, Comparetti, Scarpa, Brous-

sonnet, Spallanzani, &c. From it we arrive at the fourth epoch, which, commencing with the lectures on comparative anatomy of M. Cuvier, has proved so fruitful in accurate researches and in important works.

It is easy to discern in what respects, and through what degrees of progress modern ichthyologists are superior to ancient ones. This superiority rests on two classes of causes, those *peculiar* to the science, or to the spirit itself with which it is cultivated, and of these only notice has been taken; the others, *foreign* to the science; and among these must be reckoned above all the discovery of the new world and the exploring of the Indies. Among the latter class of causes must be ranked 'that desire which the masters of the new conquests felt to be more accurately informed of the riches of their acquired territory. Hence the numerous voyages of Hernandez to Mexico by the command of Philip II.; of Pison and of Margrave to the Northern Brasils by order of the Dutch government; of Bontius to Batavia. Among these are to be reckoned also the noble emulation of which the King of England George III. had the glory of setting the example, and which inspired various sovereigns of Europe to fit out grand maritime expeditions, with the sole view of adding to our knowledge of the globe we inhabit. These voyages, which have been continued down to our days with so much ardour and so much success, have prodigiously increased and are daily increasing the known number of created beings.

It is from the results of these voyages and labours, and from these treasures accumulated through so many ages and by so many inquirers, that M. Cuvier has undertaken to compose with respect to fishes not only the history or general description, or the simple list of their names, but a detached and explained account of every species.

Let the reader figure to himself the immense number of the species, all of which it was necessary for the author personally to see and compare; the vast number of parts which compose them, and which it was requisite that he should dissect; let him consider that every one of these parts differs in some species or another, and that it was necessary to mark where the difference lay; that the names of many of the species vary in different authors, that it has been required to discuss these changes; that one species has often been mistaken for several; that several species have frequently been confounded and treated as one; and that all such errors were to be detected, and that a species mentioned in one author has been omitted in subsequent writers, and that it was essential again to find the same species—let the reader take these difficulties into consideration, and he will form some idea of the difficulties of every kind which beset an enterprise such as that undertaken by M. Cuvier, and of the time and pains which it must have cost him to accomplish it.

At the period when Linnaeus dared to attempt the colossal task of classing all natural beings, the number of those beings in every class then known was vastly less; when Gaspard Bauhin wrote his immortal 'Pinax,' the confusion in the synonymes of vegetables was not greater than that existing with regard to fishes when M. Cuvier commenced his labours; and yet Linnaeus confined himself exclusively to the classing, he but drew the outlines of a picture, to be filled up by others; and Gaspard Bauhin gave neither the *anatomy* nor the *history* of the objects, the nomenclature of which he set in order.

At the same time, however, let us contemplate the position which has enabled the author of this 'NATURAL HISTORY OF FISHES!' to execute such vast labours, to overcome so many difficulties! In the midst of collections the richest in the world, and which for the most part are of his own founding—become, by the great progress which comparative anatomy and every branch of zoology owes to him, the centre of all discoveries, the guide of all the efforts of others—it is for him as it was for Buffon, that Nature is followed into her vast solitudes, where she is astonished to find herself interrogated; and,

as he has himself said of Linnaeus, 'it is for the improvement of an edifice erected by a single man that nature is every where laid under contribution.'

SISTER, sing the song I love—

It is a comfortable strain,  
It cools my heart, it cools my brain:  
And now on this sweet summer night  
With the moon on our casement shining bright  
Through the ivy leaves, and under the eaves  
While the white moths flutter and strike the glass,  
And the bats wheel by and peer as they pass,  
Sister, sing the song I love.

I remember well the day  
When first its sweet tones waked in me  
A tender dawn of memory,  
A thought, a sense of warmth and light,  
And then a joy in the window flowers,  
Coming through a weary night  
Of many months and many years  
The while I dwelt with sullen madness:  
—Lonely as a single fiend  
From his fellows far away  
And tethered in a wilderness—  
Sister, you wiped away those tears  
Deeming them, haply, sprung from sadness,  
Indeed thine were a sister's fears,  
But I may never half express,  
And none may know the solemn gladness,  
—The firstling of my waking hours,—  
Save such—but, God forbid, there be

Any to share such joy with me,  
Since it was bought with guilt and sin  
And pain and righteous suffering.  
I feel it was no earthly power  
That came at my awakening hour—  
Sister, thy voice, though sweet and holy  
As an ebbing wave of summer air,  
Breaking on the stranded ear  
With a dying fall of near—  
Village sabbath-minstrelsy  
Up-floating from a wooded dell,  
And mingling with the prayer-bell,  
And with the hushed and murmurous motion  
Of the evening-shadowed ocean,  
Hath not a charm so strange and strong  
To gift a brief and simple song,  
—A song of quiet nothingness  
And unpretending loveliness—  
With such a might of healing power  
As shed on my awakening hour  
The dews of a renewed spirit,  
The calmness of a new-born child  
Rocking to sleep on its mother's breast  
In the first night of earthly rest,  
Dreamless-calm, and undefiled  
By taint of sloth or weariness  
Such as after-nights inherit  
From the law of human life  
Hours of care and days of strife.

I thought, when thought came back to me  
Of Magdalen at Bethany,  
Kneeling at the Saviour's feet  
In penitential loneliness;  
Friendless, save for *one*, on earth:  
Yet hopeful, in the bitter dearth  
Of hearts grown cold and her alien lot  
Of God or man accepted not,  
And strong in her distress.  
I thought that I, like her, might be  
After long-suffering past, forgiven;  
And I was well content to be  
The humblest thing in heaven:  
A magdalen of eternity,  
With downward looks, and floating hair,  
And arms up-raised in ceaseless prayer,  
And heavy sighs to the desert air—  
So sweet was penitence to me.  
And now that mood hath passed away  
That hour's primal feeling:  
And now that I can weep and pray,  
Yet feel within an holier ray  
Than Sorrow's holiest healing;

Even a ray, an effluence  
Of the pure intelligence  
Which moved within that Mary's heart  
Who chose the higher 'better part,'  
Her own exceeding recompence.  
How on this sweet summer night  
When the moon at our lattice is shining bright,  
And its glossy leaves the ivy weaves  
With the clustering vine on the low-thatch-caves;  
While calm is at home and beauty above,  
Sister, sing the song I love. (D.)

## THE SCOTCH SCHOOLMASTER.

THE SEQUEL.

(Concluded from p. 711.)

At the close of the last century the little Scotch burgh of Clearlaw could boast of no other buildings of note than the kirk, school-house, and the minister's mansion. How changed now! the modest-looking, humble, and uninspired house of God, and equally humble and unassuming parson are now no more, and in their place has arisen a gorgeous building, *à la Grecque*, with portico and bell-tower, yclep'd the New Kirk. An over-fed and corpulent collegian is the pastor of its congregation; a Royal-titled tavern, the George the Fourth, has taken place of the meekly and soberly conducted ale-house, which, under the inviting appellation of the Cosie Corner, had merry Becky Bickerfu' for its mistress, and her only daughter and delight, her bonnie Baba, for cup-bearer. Little more than thirty years ago this neat village contained no more than three *til'd* buildings; but now it can count its New Kirk, two inns, an hotel, a tavern, and many ale-houses, a public reading-room and library, the dwellings of two doctors, and of as many lawyers, a town-hall, and numerous tenements of the better sort; and though last, not least conspicuous a town prison. Clearlaw, though but a village, was one of a string of royal burghs, which gave it some consequence in the eyes of the villagers around it, who attended its regular weekly market. It was a pleasant sight to see the blooming wives and daughters of the laborious agriculturists, dressed in their clean 'bibs and tuckers,' vending, with modest and unstudied courtesy, the produce of the dairy. With other changes, this custom also has passed away, and the daughters of those once young and modest and ever blushing rustics are now employed at a piano-forte, and have exchanged for a music stand, the money-getting stand in the little and clean market of Clearlaw.

The metamorphosis which had been effected in this burgh in the course of a quarter of a century, had been so complete, that even its natives-born find it difficult after an absence for that period to recognise in it the village where they passed their youthful days. The present occupants exult in the improvement of the burgh; yet there are those who look upon the daily increasing luxuries and English mode of living with sorrow and dismay.

It was an hour or two past noon, on a genial day in May, that a throng of idlers and others, in expectation of friends from distant parts, were to be seen in groups, surrounding the door of the George the Fourth, in the village of Clearlaw above mentioned, anxiously expecting the arrival of the afternoon coach, while all within was bustle and preparation for Willie Wheeler's passengers by the 'Wellington,' from the south, travelling north, to pay tolls, view the trossacks, and see the world! The six feet ladder was ready and placed in a handy situation, at the door, for the accommodation of the 'outsides,' and a substantial dinner was reeking *hot* before the kitchen fire. Willie, it appeared, was this day beyond his usual hour; the cook reiterated her fears of a spoilt dinner, and many 'oh dear mes, what makes Willie so late to day?' had escaped the disappointed country cousins at the door of the inn, ere the rattle of Willie's wheels foretold his approach: at last the tips of the leaders ears made their appearance above the outline of 'the speeling-brae,'

and the vehicle was soon seen rumbling down the village towards the 'George the Fourth.'

But disappointment was the order of the day to the anxious villagers, for grumbling Willie was the sole outside of the 'Wellington.' The landlord, waiter, cook, and maidens of the 'George the Fourth' partook the general mortification; but there was still a chance of six '*insides*,' and the landlord gave orders for placing the dinner on the table.

The outsides' ladder was removed by a sullen stable-boy, while the hand of the obsequious waiter, ere the wheels of 'Wellington' had ceased to whirl, pulled open the coach-door with the intention of aiding his insides to alight; but there was but a single passenger, a gentleman of grave and dignified deportment, reclining in the back seat of the 'Wellington.' The waiter threw down the steps, with despair in his looks and over-acted politeness in his demeanor, and assisted the solitary traveller to descend from the crazy conveyance, cursing in his heart the bad luck of Willie Wheeler and the consequent defalcation of his own emoluments.

The stranger, on alighting, looked around him doubtfully; and, in a tone which bespoke vexation, desired the waiter to inform him if he was in the village of Clearlaw? 'Oh yes, sir,' replied the pert servingman, 'that's clear enough. Walk in, sir, walk in; dinner's on the table, and as good a one as can be found for forty miles.' The traveller, who had all the characteristic physiognomy of a Scotia-Indian, might pass as a man of sixty, though he had but just turned fifty. He was attired in the fashion of an elderly English gentleman, though the high cheek-bones, the light-blue eye, the lanky yellow-brown hair, and capacious mouth, bore evidence of a Scottish origin. On his entering the parlour he seated himself at a distance from the smoking and steaming viands, and in a measured and monotonous voice, inquired of the waiter, 'if the venerable an' reverend Andrew Mac Angus was still the minister of Clearlaw.' 'Andrew Mac Angus! I never heard the name in my life before, sir.' 'I have said, sir, and say again, the venerable (for now he must be so,) minister of this village; does he still officiate here in his holy calling? Mark me, sir, I shall be answered with attention and respect.' 'On my honour, sir, I cannot tell you any thing about the reverend Mr. Mac Angus, for I know nothing of him, nor do I think that there is a soul, or body either, in the Burg bearing so outlandish a name.' 'Your honour, sir, is out of the question; but, no doubt, you are a stranger here.' 'Indeed I am not, sir, I have been now more than eight months head waiter of this inn, and I am here, sir, with a first-rate character from Slaughter's, in St. Martin's-lane, London; you know Slaughter's, I have no doubt, sir?' 'I should have been spared some annoyance hadst thou been slaughtered eight months ago, sir; send the master of this inn to me.' 'If you want any information about the reverend Mac—' from him, sir, you will fall short of your mark; for it is not more than ten weeks since he arrived from Limerick, and eight weeks ago he laid down a thousand pounds for the good-will and stock of 'George the Fourth;' so he knows less concerning the people of the village than I do, sir; but if you will question *Sentury Sam*, our old post-boy—we call him *Sentury Sam*, sir, because he is nearly a hundred years old, and a keen-eyed old dog to boot—*Sam*, sir, will tell the genealogy of Adam himself if you will sit and hear it; he is a capital fellow either at a long story or a long stage.' During this address the stranger continued wrapt in thought, but at its conclusion he inquired if the old man spoken of under the appellation of '*Sentury Sam*,' was in the house; being answered in the affirmative, he desired to see him, and the waiter withdrew to obey his command.

When a few minutes had elapsed, the waiter ushered into the parlour a gaunt personage, whose thinly scattered grey hair, and patriarchal appearance, fully justified the description given by the waiter, of '*Sentury Sam*.' The old post-boy, although an octogenarian, had the warm glow of rude health still blooming

on his wrinkled yet prepossessing front; and though old age and hard labour had, in a trifling degree, bent to a stoop the tall and muscular form of the country hind, yet by temperance and contentment, even in the humble sphere Providence had placed him, he enjoyed the first of blessings—health, or to use his own phrase, 'he was sound wind and limb.' The stranger, who in truth was thirty years the junior of the 'old post-boy,' appeared to be the older of the two: his countenance was of a sallow hue, approaching to a pale yellow; still the physiognomist would discover indications of a cultivated and intelligent mind, talent and wit; the latter checked and tempered by practice of the world and extensive knowledge of mankind. On the entry of the officious waiter and '*Sentury Sam*,' the stranger commanded the first to retire, and familiarly naming the latter, desired he would take a chair. The old man obediently seated himself, although somewhat surprised at so condescending an invitation from a gentleman of such dignity. After a few moments of silence, which was employed by the stranger in attentively surveying the person of the 'old post-boy,' and by bashful '*Sentury Sam*,' in twirling round the thumbs of his locked hands slowly, first one way and then the other, the stranger addressed his companion in a somewhat faltering tone, but in which kindness and commiseration were predominant:—'A weel *Sammy*,' said he, in the dialect of his youth, 'maybe ye'll no ken an auld freen wi' a new face.' The voice and the words struck upon the ears of the old man like an electric shock: rising hastily from his chair, he gazed wildly and doubtfully at the stranger, then rubbing his eyes, and placing his horny hand over his brow, as a shade to assist his vision, he exclaimed in broken sentences, which ended in a scream:—'Ae—ae—what—gude Lord o' heaven an' yearh—Almighty Feather o' us a'—it cauna be—its out o' the chance o'—he's been deed this mony—Ye'r no our *Geordie Groser*—are ye, Sir?' 'Aye, *Sammy*, I am a' that's left o' him, an' *Geordie Groser* hasna forgot he auld freen an' coadjutor the kind auld gaberlunzie o' the hallan; no *Sammy* lad, nor auld lang syne neither.' 'Heven in its bountifu' mercy look doon upo' us; are ye—yes ye'r our ain *Geordie Groser*, the wild haram scaram rin-a-gate cheild, a deel at a pliskie, a stal the door, or a sneekin-out.' The tears of joy chased each other in rapid succession down the old man's furrowed face, while he convulsively grasped the proffered hand of his once youthful friend. 'Ae—*Geordie* callant,' cried he, 'doo ye mind the night whun ye an' mysel—God forgee me for't, snok'd out the auld lucky, o' the 'cosie corner,' pure deed—an' gane *Becky Bickerfu*, the brouster's wife, an' bonnie *Baba Bickerfu*, her daughter, an' a' the bousin slookin's o' her claughten? gif ye dinna, I doo fu' weel, an muckle leaughing an' gaffin we had anent it.' 'It may be, *Sammy*, it may be, but my memory on sic subjects noo is no worth a preen; I ha' ither things than that o' bairnish tricks to crack to ye about. My auld master, *Samuel*; my kind-hearted auld master; my brither-in-law, *God's ain gude minister*, hoo is he—hoo is he in health man?' 'Och-hoon! *Geordie*, is it my kind an' neer-to-be-forgotten master ye'r speerin about, that was the pure man's benefactor, an' the freen o' a' the gude?'—'Was? and why not still?' 'Recus, *Geordie*, the reverend and esteemed *Mr. MacAngus* is past and gane.' 'Then my worst fears are realized; he is dead!' 'Aye, hes been deed for mare than aughteen months, an' a sair an' sad day it was for's a', an' for me worse than the lave o' them; ye ken, after he gat the kirk, noo sax an' twenty years agane, I left the auld hallan wi' the master an' hes lady, an' the wee lammy; weel, we cam to this ungody Burg, wham ye ken the master was transported, as they ca' it, through the interest o' the laird; weel, *Geordie*, we wur a' as happy as bees in a bibe, an' nane mare happy than mysel; that was just about the time ye took ye'r rin-awa departure for the *Ingees*, an' a considerate cheild ye wus, *Geordie*, for a few years after ye got there; for mony a time has the minister cum to me wi' a bonnie ritten epestel, wi' a fine gouden seal tu't, an' said, "*Sammy*, lad, here's a despatch arrived fra' my brither,



jinggeling Geordie, that neer-do-weel, that's the Ingees, an' he bids me no to misgee his kind respects an' best wishes to the auld gaberlunzie;" but it wus na lang afore ye forgot the auld gaberlunzie, an' said na mare about him; but while he could spit out ower hes beard he couldna forget ye, Geordie."

The old man's voice became feeble and faltering, so as to recall the attention of his ancient friend, who, after apologising for having neglected the gaberlunzie in his letters from India, alleged as an excuse, the many important and public duties he had to perform. The old man became pacified with his youthful crony, Geordie Groser, who mildly desired that Sammy would state all the particulars of the death of their lamented friend, the good old school-master.—"A-tweel I wul, Geordie lad, ye shall ha' it a' tho' it may bring mony a saut tear in my auld ee:—Sax an' twenty years, as I tald ye afore, it is since we cam to the Burg, at that time the master got the minesteeral guidance o' the auld kirk; we wur na here mare than a twalmouth whun that gude an' godly man, by benevolent actions an' guid deeds, made himsel' beloved by a' the virtuous pure; honoured by the rich, an' fear'd only by the evildoer: weel, Geordie man, the time guid gaily an' gleegly on, tul about aughteen months agane, at whilk time an' awfu' despeneciation o' the Allmightie providence owertook us a'; the minister was ca'd upo' to console wi' the pure deevin devel, Sandy Yellow-sand, the auld cadger, who lived in the niest village, about three miles aff, then laying on hes death-bed: hes pure greetin bairn wha cam wi' the message, tald me himsel' that hes feather couldna leave out the afternoon, for that the cannie-ca was gawn tick-tack at the heed o' his bed as loud as the minister's aught-day-clock, an' that hes deevin feather, had mare than ance speer't what the deel it wus; an' that hes mither had hawked an' hunted a' the bed ower to find it out, but neer a thing could she catch or see but a pure innocent beastie o' a speeder, sittin in the hole o' its wab as mute's a mous, or a partan at the bottom o' the Firth o' Forth, but still the cannie-ca kept tull its tick-tack: and mare to betoken the speedie disolation o' hes feather, Tearems, the hallan dug, wha hadna been let loose fra' hes teather that mornin as wus usual, how'd three different times, sa there wus na time to be lost. I got the hieland devel Donald, the minister's shaly, saddled in a snap o' my thoom, for I kent fu' weel what an awfu' sinner Sandy Yellow-sand was, an' awa our godly an' gude master cantered to the aid o' the deevin man; it wus an unco cald an' bleak day, but nathing on the yearth could ha' stopt the hily man fra' hes deevine duty: ae, Geordie lad, hoo often ha' I heard him say, "It wul be a sair thing for me at the great account-day to find a single ane o' a' my pure flock on the wrang side." The Lord is mercifu' an' I dinna think the minister wus ower weel satisfed wi' the side whilk Sandy Yellow-sand was likely to tak; so in hes hurry he neerly cowpit ower the shaly, an' awa he drave as gif the deel wus in him, leaving hes muckle coat abint him: we expectet the minister back to hes denner, but tho' he didna come, our lady wusna at a' alarmed, for she kent what a dreadfu' sinner he had gane to, an' that it wud tak muckle an' strang wrasselin to get Sandy into the right road:—weel, as night cam on (an' a mirky night it wus) we began to fear for hes safety, still expectin ilka minit hes ca' at the door, it had worn fast upo' bed-time, an' we sitten at the chimlie lug, lookin like a wheen dander'd fuls, whun up I got an' swore an aith—the Lord forgee me for't—an' had just opened the door to tak my gate to Sandy Yellow-sand's, whun wha shud I see cum staggerin up the close but Donald the shaly, an' the minister on's back, baith o' them drouket to the very skin, tho' deel a drap o' rain had fa'n for augh-an-forty hours. Weel, we got him safe into the chammer, an' hes anxious an' beloved lady soon had hes clothes changed, an' wi' a wee drap o' warm tody (ye ken, Geordie, the minister always liked a drappy,) she thought she had put a' right again: whun he wus fairly cum to himsel' he tald us that as he wus passin the Laird o' Lettlegrun's aiten field, he heard the wailin, as he thought o' some ane in distress; so he slightly put the spur to

Donald's wame, an' gallap'd to whaur the soond seem'd to cum fra', but whether Donald had put his wacst fit first, for ance an' awa, the minister couldna tell, but the twa o' them tummeled ower a muckle craig, into the deepest part o' craigy-burn, whaur they wur mare than half drown'd: hoo they gat out again, or wha's the voice wus he had sa fulshly harken'd to, he couldna tell, an' tho' he wudna hear o't, we a' kent it could be naither than these mid-night bitches, the boggles and kelpies, at their accursed gambles about the burn: the niest day, to a' our great grief, he keept hes bed, wi' what the pithicary ca'd "flammation on hes chest;" an' noo it wus our dolefu' turn to ha' the canna-ca: I heard it, I heard it mysel', Geordie! as plain as I hear mysel' speakin this blessed minit; but I said nathing about it, for I wus fear'd to alarm our respected lady; but oh Geordie, Geordie! it wus ower true, for in twa days after, our freen, the minister o' God, wus a corpse! God help me, God help me, am an auld man noo, an' that mun be my excuse for my greetin like a bairn in baby's-clouts. That day on whilk the grave hawker shoolded the yearth upo' hes caffin there wusna a dry ee or a sabless thrapple for three miles round: I neer, neer can forget him: tho' I wus the auldest o' the twa, he taught me mony a bonnie lesson in morality, whilk I can neer forget while God grants me memory."

The affectionate hind, with heavy sobs, gave free vent to a flood of tears in remembrance of the departed minister; his companion sat with his elbows resting on the table, and his face buried in his handkerchief, listening in sorrowful attention to Sam's melancholy relation, at the close of which he condoled with the poor old man on their mutual loss. Sam further informed his friend, that up to the period of the minister's death, "in a' warldly comforts they wur very weel aff; that the twa bonnie laddies wur students at the great college o' larnen in Edinburgh, an' bux-som wee Jess wus wi' her mither, levin in a private wey, in the same toon: aiblins," added the old man, "wi' a wee bit poortith on their backs; an' I ha' heard that the twa callants, wha are noo strappin chaps, are waitin tul they can scrape a pickle o' siller together, an' syne set up as writers-to the segnit; an' doo ye ken, Geordie lad, that I ha' sent them word last week, that there is o' mine, twal pouns seven shillins an' sax pence hapenny, in the hans o' Baillie Bookfair, whilk I ha' been a lang time gatherin, to pay for my pure auld bane being decently laid under the yerd neer the cley o' my auld kind master an' monieer; sa I just sent word to them. Geordie, that they shuld ha' ilka bawbee o't; an' I ha' na doubt, but my mercifu' Creator an' supporter wul in hes great gudeness, raise me up some kind freen wha wul see this auld tabermuckle o' cley, whun its speret's fled, decently interred, an' than, Geordie man, ye ken that the siller wul be better spent than on idle an' dooley faced Sallies; nor wul my dead-deal feel to me the harder for't? an' I wud na ha' sair thought about me wus I but sure, whun am deed an' gane, I shud lie aside o' my dear master aneth the saugh I plantet ower him wi' my ain hands."

With a tear in each eye, Geordie grasped the hand of his attached and benevolent-hearted friend, congratulating Sam, "that Geordie's face was not the only yellow property that he had brought from India with him; an so far from honest Sam's little store being touched, it should be increased a thousand fold;" desiring the old man to get ready to depart with him for Edinburgh in a few hours. "That I weel, Geordie, lad, that I weel," said the delighted Samuel; "an I'll mak sure o' the front dickie for ye, an' my ain fare weel cost nathing, for am no disliked by ony bodie hereabouts." "I will faithfully answer for that, Sammy; but, for this once, I will post it." "Ae, gude Guid's, is the man daft! doo ye can the cost o' a poshay fra' here to Edinburgh?" "No, Sam, nor shall I speer it either; but I do not mean to take a "poshay;" all I will require is post-horses, as I expect my own travelling barouche here in the course of an hour, in which you must accompany me to Auld Reekie." "Ye'r ain travellin barush! are ye deleerit, Geordie? or has my sad an'

sorrowfu tellins turned ye'r heel light, as the meetin wi' ye has neerly doon my ain?"

"No, my honest Samuel, I never was less light-headed in my life than at this moment—" Here the waiter entered, most obsequiously announcing the arrival of the worthy baronet, Sir George Groser's, travelling carriage, with a posse of attendants.

When the waiter had retired, the auld gaberlunzie gave free scope to his questions. "Ae," exclaimed the old man; "ae, what in the name o' gudeness—a baronet wi' a travellin barush an' a sut o' flunkies!—God in he's graciousness look doon on's—our Geordie a baronet—Jinglin Geordie o' the braeside a knight!—am clean bamboozled. Geordie—man, or Sir Geordie, or Sir Geordie—or—what the devel mun I ca' ye, man?" "Ca' me jinglin Geordie Groser as ye us'd to doo, an' I'll like ye the better for't, man; and rest assured of this, my friend, that though my name and circumstances are altered, my heart holds the same feeling of friendship for the indulgent auld Gaberlunzie which it did forty years ago; an' noo, Sammy, gang hame and pit on ye'r best clean sark, and prepare to accompany me to Edinburgh." "Ye shall be obey'd, Geordie; an' I gess, for as auld's I am, that ye'll no find a better post-boy than Sam on the back o' a neer beast tween this an' Edinberg." "I greatly fear, Sammy," replied Sir George, "on this occasion you will prove as much "out in your guessing" as ever Tam Meldram, Rony Rinthegier, or Davy Dits, have been; for it is my intention, Samuel, that you never again ride as post-boy, neither a near horse or an off one: so go home, put on your Sunday coat, you shall take your seat with me in the barouche, where we will have leisure during our journey to crack ower auld lang syne; lose no time, for I am anxious to clasp once more to my heart the sister of my early love!" D. L.

## OPERA.

### King's Theatre.

THE opera 'L'Italiana in Algieri' was very agreeably performed on Saturday evening, by some of the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, in the Concert Room, recently fitted up as a theatre, by M. Laporte, and, notwithstanding the recollection of the effect with which the principal characters were represented in the spring, the applause given to the more youthful artists of this miniature stage, were 'loud and long,' and not undeserved. Some domestic broils, uninteresting but to themselves, served to alienate from the ranks of their *corps operatique*, one or two of their most talented fellow-pupils; and, as we suppose, from a similar defalcation, the part of Taddeo, which once gave scope to all the drollery of Ambrogetti, fell into the hands of a piano-forte player, who undertook it, we are told, at a very short notice. Still, however, there was little pause or diminution of spirit from beginning to end. Miss Childe's voice is well tamed into a subservience to a good style. It does not boast much variety or strength of expression, and will never, perhaps, be capable of receiving those delicate sparks of intonation, which are the real and characteristic excellences of the great modern model, Mad. Pasta; but there is a very fair balance of taste, art, and physical endowment, and in a sphere of proper ambition, the smallness of the elements, will be forgotten in the correctness of their combination. The duet 'Ai capricci della sorte' was encored,—perhaps more from the vivacity of the by-play, than because the singing in it was better than the average of the night. The finale of the first act, indeed, evinced a much higher degree of excellence, both as regards the separate execution of the parts, and the union of the whole,—which was managed with a choral vigour, exactness, and delicacy, that might have shamed the efforts of their more renowned predecessors. The second act seemed rather longer than usual from the introduction of the eating and drinking scene of Mustafa; but its length is well compensated for by the numberless veins of sweet melody that run through and diversify it to the very close. Indeed,

this same Mustafa was alone enough to carry it on without weariness. The part was sustained by Mr. E. Sequin, who possesses not merely a sonorous voice, practicable in its lowest depths,—and true to all the difficulties of his prominent character, but also sufficient dramatic liveliness to attract us in the recitative and episodic parts. The hero, Lindoro, was a gentleman, whose voice might traverse audibly the space between Algiers and Calabria,—when Donzelli was his representative. Now, he has a meeker and less ostentatious bearing,—yet not unfit to win a fair lady, provided the night breeze is not too strong to overpower him beneath her jessamine bower,—and his tale is one sweetest for a whisper. In truth, young Brizzi is an animated and pleasing singer, without much force of tone,—but sufficiently sweet to class him amongst the tenors of second-rate pretension: it must be a large tribe, and we would that of its numbers three-fourths were sacrificed to constitute one other Davide. The orchestra is sufficiently powerful, and very exact; and without question, the whole performance was successful beyond the expectations of the most sanguine well-wisher to the Academy. We should add, that the house or room was quite full, and that the audience was composed of many bright lights, whose presence, in the metropolis, would seem incompatible with its present murkiness.

#### NEW MUSIC.

*Apollo's Gift, or the Musical Souvenir for 1830, edited by Muzio Clementi and J. B. Cramer. Published December 1st, 1829.*

THE united efforts of three of the principal houses in the musical trade, viz. Chappell's, Clementi's, and Cramer's, have at length issued a musical annual of the highest possible talent, beauty, and interest, likely to eclipse all others that have been attempted.

The vast variety displayed in upwards of one hundred pages of interesting and generally valuable music, render it a difficult task for us to particularise every beauty, and review, as they deserve, all the pieces presented, without lengthening our article too much. A brief catalogue of no less than *nineteen* vocal and *twenty-one* instrumental pieces, perhaps, is all we can offer; in addition to which there are five beautiful specimens of lithography and the following five unusually interesting *fac-similes*, viz. 'Weber's first Sketches for the Opera of Oberon; 'An Andantino, by Mozart; 'A Canon, by Clementi; 'Musical Puzzle, to be read either way, by Haydn; and 'An Andante, by Beethoven.'

Every musical professor, connoisseur, and lover of his art, must receive an enthusiastic interest and pleasure in the seeing and possessing, as it appears, the actual hand-writing of the above eminent men; for the *fac-similes* are so delightfully executed, that it is almost impossible to believe they are otherwise than the manuscripts they imitate. The rude sketch of Weber's Oberon would be very difficult to decipher by any but an experienced writer. He seems to have begun his task with a new pen that sputtered and splashed to his annoyance. Mozart, imitable, except in the imitation of his hand-writing, has written a little better, and his Andantino is a delicious morceau; the affixed signature of André, who we believe possesses many of Mozart's M-S. is to indicate, most probably, that he, André, furnished the specimen. The veteran and much respected Clementi has written an extremely ingenious Canon, expressly, it should seem by the date, 1829, for this work; it is an allegro in C, in the legato style, exhibiting considerable erudition, and dedicated to his friend and co-partner in the production of this annual, J. B. Cramer. Haydn's Canon is not so neatly written as might be expected from the nicety and exactness displayed in his works in general; and Beethoven's bagatelle, an Andante in G minor, 9-8 time, presents a highly characteristic specimen of

caligraphy and composition. We suppose it was written in Russia, for the following is a translation of the *hieroglyphics* which Beethoven has added to his manuscripts: 'Lewis Beethoven, in the *Sailor Street*, No. 1055 and 1056, in the *3rd Story*.' Why is a *fac-simile* of Rossini's composition omitted? We regret also that Cramer has not presented a *fac-simile* of his *own* musical manuscript, and we know, from having frequently witnessed specimens, that its neatness and correctness would have eclipsed all the others; but we can only impute the absence of such a specimen to the true and estimable cause—his delicacy and modesty, which most probably prevented him from placing himself (where he ought to be) in rank with Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Weber, and Clementi.

The above writing of the great masters has interested us so much, that we have noticed the subject somewhat out of its place, for the *fac-similes* are presented at the end of the book.

We proceed to the catalogue, which comprises an extraordinary assemblage of fascinating articles.

#### VOCAL MUSIC.

'Oh! never name those hours of grief,' poetry by J. R. Planché, music by Charles Smith. 'Athgarvan,' (an expressive and clear largo), music by Dr. Clarke. 'Youth Renewed,' (a playful allegretto-scherzo),—J. Montgomery and Knapton. 'Song of Harold Harfager, (from 'The Pirate,')—Sir W. Scott and Thomson. 'Young Ellen,' (more simple than original),—T. H. Bayly and H. Phillips. 'One word with thee,' (pleasing and familiar),—Montgomery and Hodson. 'Oh! the hour to meet,' (a favourite known melody),—W. F. Collard and Weber. 'I knew not that the world contained,'—H. S. Van Dyk Barnett. 'Could'st thou but know,'—Lady C. Lamb and Duke of Marlborough. 'We shall not meet again love,'—Miss Landon and G. Hogarth. 'Ave Sanctissima,' (a trio for three voices),—Mrs. Hemans and R. E. Smith. 'Lützow's Wild Hunt,' (a quartetto for two tenors and two basses),—G. Hogarth and Weber. 'The Moorish Maiden,' (interesting and in good taste),—J. A. Wade and C. E. Horn. 'The Song of the Pilgrim,' (imitated from the German),—William Ball and F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. 'Placa gli sdegni tuoi,' (an expressive vocal duet),—Cherubini. 'E' vero che in casa io son la padrona,' (duet, with guitar accompaniment),—Verini. 'Una paloma blanca,' (duet),—Sala. 'La Chantaise,' (a playful and characteristic French waltz),—Pauseran. 'Le Chevalier Captif,' (arranged for voice and guitar), Pauly.

#### INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

March for the Piano-forte and Flute, (familiar and pleasing.) Moscheles.—Pastorale, (a brief [too brief] but clever morceau,) Beethoven.—Air, (a vivace in D, quite trifling, and also too short, fitted for a quadrille.) Weber.—Romance, (the favourite well known melody from his *Queen Sinfonia*.) Haydn.—Theme, (a delightful minuet graziosamente in A flat,) Gallenberg.—Air, (in D minor, the allegretto from his 2nd quartetto, dedicated to Haydn,) Mozart.—Andante, (a very clever and original piece in E flat 12-8 time,) Cramer.—Air, (a graceful menuetto in C, exhibiting very polished writing,) Kalkbrenner.—Air, (vivace in D, a sort of quick march and trio,) Spohr.—Air, (an andante espressione in F, quite simple and pleasing,) Rousseau.—Two Waltzes, (one in three flats, the other in three sharps) Pixis.—Air, (a beautiful cantabile in E flat, in the best taste,) Onslow.—Bagatelle, (clever, but fantastical, as its name implies,) Thomson.—Polonaise and Trio, (not very remarkable or original,) Hammel.—Air, (an andantino grazioso ed innocente, a sort of Swiss waltz,) Czerny.—Air, (with introduction and a variation, florid, brilliant, and shewy,) Herz.—Galop, (a 'trifle light as air,') Challenger.—Quadrilles from 'Der Vampyr,' (not very original) Challenger.—Favourite Friend Cotillon, (an insignificant waltz).—Spanish Air, for the Harp, (not in good taste for the instrument,) F. L. Hammel.—Assisa a pie

d'un Salice, for the Harp, (a mere indifferent adaptation,) Bochs.

The pieces for the harp are placed where they should be, at the last! as being infinitely less estimable than all the gems that precede them.

As this is truly a musical work, the specimens of lithography exhibited do not form so striking a feature as in most of the other annuals published; neither, (although they are extremely well designed and executed) are they of that high and expensive character. The whole publication is, however, unusually beautiful, interesting, and desirable, and, in comparison with some others, by no means expensive.

#### GLEDHILL'S BENEFIT CONCERT.

We cannot quit the subject of music without reminding our readers of the Concert which will take place in the Argyll Rooms at one o'clock this day, under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society, for the benefit of the orphan family of the deceased Professor of Music, Gledhill. This artist, as is generally known, died after a few days illness on his return from the Birmingham Festival. He has left five children, all, except one, between the ages of eight and fourteen years. The other child is a daughter, aged twenty, on whose musical talent and exertions the rest are entirely dependant for subsistence and education, their mother having died about a year ago.

Independently of the satisfaction to be derived from the indulgence of charitable propensities, the musical gratification offered to those who shall be disposed to contribute to the assistance of this bereaved family, is no slight one. Mr. Gledhill was connected with the bands of the Ancient Concert, the Philharmonic, and the Opera; he was generally esteemed by his fellow-labourers, and these eminent performers have unanimously volunteered their services for the benefit of his family. Mr. J. Cramer, moreover, has engaged to perform with Mr. W. Beale, one of his pupils, a new duet on the piano-forte, composed by Mr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Mr. F. Cramer will lead the first act, Mr. Mori the second, and Mr. Weischell will play the first violin in Beethoven's celebrated 'Septuor.' Miss Betts, Miss Childe, Miss F. Cramer, Miss Lloyd, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Sale, Mr. Horncastle, Mr. E. Taylor, Mr. Goulden, and Mr. H. Phillips, are the vocalists who have promised their exertions on the occasion. The concert will be a good one, and requires little additional incentive from charity to secure its being well attended.

#### CHALLENGE BY ROB ROY.

[THE new edition of 'Rob Roy' contains the following curious challenge from Rob Roy to the Duke of Montrose. In the introduction to the first volume of the new edition of this novel, the author of 'Waverley,' alluding to this document, says, 'In the success of his repeated escapes from the pursuit of his powerful enemy, Rob Roy at length became wanton and facetious. He wrote a mock challenge to the duke, which he circulated among his friends to amuse them over the bottle. It is written in a good hand, and not particularly deficient either in grammar or spelling. Our southern readers must be given to understand that it was a piece of humour—a *quizz* in short—on the part of the outlaw, who was too sagacious to propose such a rencontre in reality.']

*Rob Roy to ain hie and mighty Prince, James Duke of Montrose.*

'In charity to your Grace's courage and conduct, please know, the only way to retrieve both is to treat Rob Roy like himself, in appointing your place and choice of arms, that at once you may extirpate your inveterate enemy, or put a period to your punny (puny?) life in falling gloriously by his hands. That impertinent critics or flatterers may not brand me for challenging a man that's repute



of a poor dastardly soul, let such know that I admit of the two great supporters of his character and the captain of his bands to joyne with him in the combat. Then sure your Grace wout have the impudence to clamour att court for multitudes to hunt me like a fox, under pretence that I am not to be found above ground. This saves your Grace and the troops any further trouble of searching; that is, if your ambition of glory press you to embrace this unequal venture offerd of Rob's head. But if your Grace's piety, prudence, and cowardice, forbids hazarding this gentlemanly expedient, then let your design of peace restore what you have rob'd from me by the tyranny of your present situation, otherwise your overthrow as a man is determined; and advertise your friends never more to look for the frequent civility payed them, of sending them home without their arms only. Even their former cravings wout purchase that favour; so your Grace by this has peace in your offer, if the sound of war be frightful, and chase you whilk, your good friend or mortal enemy.

[This singular rhodomontade is inclosed in a letter to a friend of Rob Roy, probably a retainer of the Duke of Argyle in Isla, which is in these words:—]

'SIR,—Receive the enclosed paper, q<sup>n</sup> you are taking your bottle; it will divert yourself and comrades. I got noa news since I saw you only q<sup>n</sup> we had before about the Spaniards is like to continue. If I get any account about them I'll be sure to let you hear of it, and till then I will not write any more till I have more account. I am, Sir, your affec<sup>t</sup> C<sup>o</sup> [cousin,] and most humble servant,

'Argyle, 1719.

'Rob Roy.'

Addressed, To Mr. Patrick Anderson, }  
at Haig—These.

The seal, a stag—no bad emblem }  
of a wild catteran.

### MISCELLANIES.

**NEW QUADRUPEDS WHICH MIGHT BE DOMESTICATED.**—All the species of solipeda are as capable of being domesticated as the horse or the ass; and the education of the zebra, the quagga, the dauw, (the equus montanus of Burchell,) and the hemionus, would prove useful to society, and lucrative to those who might undertake it. Almost all the *rumiantia* live in herds, and most of the species of this numerous family are of a nature that qualifies them for domestication. There is one, in particular, and perhaps even two, that are already half domesticated, and which it is matter of regret that we do not see among the number of our domestic animals, for they would have two very valuable qualities,—they would answer as beasts of burden, and would furnish fleeces of excellent quality.—The animals of which I speak, are the alpaca and the vicugna. They are double the size of our largest breeds of sheep; the qualities of their fur are very different from those of wool, properly so called, and might be manufactured into cloths, which would partake of these qualities, and thus give rise to a new branch of industry. The difference of climate has been stated as an insurmountable obstacle to the naturalisation of the animals of warm countries in our northern regions. This error would have been avoided, had the resources of nature, and the extent of our means of acting upon animals been better known. By a similar error, the same difficulty has been opposed to the introduction of the alpaca and vicugna into Europe, animals which live only in very temperate regions; but it would not even be applicable to the tapir, although a native of the warmest countries.—(*Mémoires du Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle*)

**VIRTUE OF POUltICES.**—Mr. Lawrence said, in his tenth lecture on surgery, at St. Bartholomew's hospital: 'In speaking of local applications to an

inflamed part, I omitted one class of means, to which some persons attach great importance, namely, *poultices*, constituting one of the methods by which warmth, combined with moisture, is applied. I believe we are chiefly to regard this as a means of applying a certain degree of warmth to the part, and it is only valuable inasmuch as it contributes in certain cases, to soothe the local pain which a patient experiences in inflammation. We are apt to ascribe to poultices great virtue in arresting the disease; but if the patients are rendered something easier by the application, it is as much as we can fairly ascribe to them. The ordinary forms of poultice are those made of crumbs of bread, or linseed powder. It is necessary to take care that the poultice be rendered very soft, and that there be no fragments, so that it may be applied smoothly to the part. I fancy no particular effect is produced by 'drawing,' in the way it is supposed to do; it is only to be regarded as a soft warm application.'

**TOLERATION.**—When the case of the Jewish people is fairly considered, and their situation with respect to the surrounding idolatrous nations, we shall see the absolute necessity of having but one form of worship in the land. That alone was genuine which was prescribed by the Almighty, and no other could be tolerated, because they were idolaters. All strangers that came to *sojourn* in the land, were required to conform to it; and it was right that those who did conform to it, should have equal rights and privileges with themselves, which we find was the case. But under the Christian dispensation, as no particular form of worship is prescribed, the types and ceremonies of the Mosaic institution, being all fulfilled, unlimited toleration should be allowed, and while the sacred writings are made the basis of the worship offered to God, every man should be allowed to worship according to his own conscience; for in this respect every one is

'Lord of himself, accountable to none,  
But to his conscience and his God alone.'

Dr. Adam Clarke.

**Fossils in the vicinity of Paris.**—At the sitting of the Académie Royale, of the 16th of November, there was read a memoir on the fossil shells of the environs of Paris, addressed to the academy by M. Deshayes. The author of the memoir reminded the society, that until very lately the number of species of fossil shells belonging to the basin of Paris was supposed not to exceed four hundred and fifty. This number corresponded with that of the same organic substances found in a fossil state in such other parts of France, and in such parts of England and Germany, as have been already examined. M. Deshayes, however, affirms, that in the course of his investigations respecting the fossils of the environs of Paris, he has discovered seven hundred new species; so that the number has been carried by his inquiries alone to eleven hundred. Besides these he has observed one hundred other different sorts in fossils, furnished him by naturalists who have placed their collections at his disposal. The total number of fossils, therefore, in the neighbourhood of Paris, belonging to the single class of *mollusca*, amounts to above twelve hundred.

**VEGETATION IN MERCURY DISPROVED.**—At the same sitting a communication was made by M. Dutrochet, on the subject of a memoir formerly read to the society in which it had been affirmed that the roots of certain plants will penetrate mercury below what would result from the action of their gravity, consequently, by force of a physiological action. M. Dutrochet reported that he had carefully made the experiments pointed out by the author of the memoir alluded to, but was far from arriving at similar results; on the contrary, he had never observed the root penetrate deeper than the impression which the weight of the plant would make. And when, at the end of a few days, the root was blackened and dead, it had remained at the point to which its weight had penetrated, and had never returned to the surface, as the author of the pretended discovery had asserted that it would do. M. Dutrochet concluded by expressing his

conviction, that the author of the experiments had completely deceived himself, and M. De Mirbel corroborated what the allegation of M. Dutrochet maintained, by stating that the committee to whom the examination of the communication alluded to had been referred, had proved the experiments of the author, and had arrived at the same conclusion as M. Dutrochet.

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### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Dec.	Therm. A.M. P.M.	Barom. at Noon	Winds.	Weather.	Prevaling Clouds.
Mon. 30	41 39	29. 60	N.E.	Foggy.	Cirrostratus
Tues. 1	39 37	29. 60	Ditto.	Cloudy.	Cumulus.
Wed. 2	39 30	29. 56	E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Thurs. 3	40 39	29. 56	S.E.	Ditto.	Cirrostratus
Friday 4	42 45	Stat.	S.E.	Foggy.	Ditto.
Sat. 5	44 47	30. 13	Var.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Sun. 6	42 31	30. 42	N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto.

Nights and mornings foggy throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 40.5.

Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.83.

Highest temperature at noon, 49°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon in Perigæum on Sunday.

Jupiter's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 18° 10' in Leo.

Mars's ditto ditto 6° 11' in Scorpi.

Sun's ditto ditto 14° 9' in Sagitt.

Length of day on Sunday, 7 h. 48 m.; decreased 8 h. 36 m.

Sun's hourly motion, 2' 32" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.93335.

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There is a newly-invented chair, the manufacture of Mr. Daws, of 17, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, which it is but justice to a most ingenious man to introduce to the particular notice of our readers. —*Examiner*, May 24, 1829.

The nature and merits of this article are considerably known to the public, but can never be estimated till seen and examined, being far more simple, convenient, and desirable, than a description can point out; but which is, nevertheless, respectfully presented as follows:

It is a handsome chair, without any thing remarkable in its appearance, made to a variety of patterns, some suitable to the drawing-room, others to a library, or other sitting room; but the back is capable of assuming any position, either perpendicular, or a little or much reclining downwards to the level of a couch, still retaining an elegant appearance. It has from twelve to twenty positions, any of which are attained with the same ease as opening a door, by the person while sitting in it. The aim also retain the most comfortable position.

Many of the highest personages in Europe have honoured R. Daws' humble efforts with their approbation and command, a continuation of which he respectfully solicits.

Many attempts are made to imitate this article, and are palmed on the public under the name of 'Improved Reclining Chairs,' and many gentlemen having been cheated with it, have desired R. Daws to caution the public against the deception. He, therefore, states that it is impossible ever to be equalled, by very many degrees, on any other principle; and as to being surpassed or improved, an answer which speaks volumes may be found in his numerous public offers of £500 to the first person producing an article on any other principle possessing more eminently the following requisites:—

Elegant appearance.	Not liable to get out of order
Ease and comfort.	Firm and steady.
Number of positions.	Great strength.
Simply effected.	Admirable portability.
Little machinery.	Little expense.

\* We have examined one ourselves, and ascertained the superiority of its principles over all others. —*Morning Journal.*

\* Possessing these advantages, this article is not decrera than a common easy chair. —*Times*, July 21, 1828.

London: Printed and Published every Wednesday Morning, by F. C. WESTLEY, 165, Strand, opposite Newcastle-street.